

# The Chronicles of Necrothreat I

## Chapter I

### The Rule of Apiks, the Boring

#### ***Apiks' Diary - 1st of Granite***

I cannot believe that they actually made me come here. But what could've I done against their sweet talk? They kept saying stuff like "You will be heavily awarded when you return. You're the only one that can do this." and the likes of that. But here I am now at this place and it gives me the creeps. People have already dubbed it "Necrothreat". This worries me a great deal but I'll have to manage. As such I have ordered the miners to begin mining at the side of that small sand mountain there is. There are 2 rivers that merge into one at this place. It will serve as a good natural defense if somebody comes to disrupt our work which by Armok I hope will not happen.

2 hours later...

By Armok! Did you see that? An animal just came out of the water. What was it called? Allie gator or something? It seemed to have big teeth so I've ordered my men to immediately move into the mainland onto safety and have made myself - the most experienced forumite in the art of warfare on this patch of land - to the militia commander. Our miners include the site founder Toady One and Nish Ducimmishos. They told me that they are competent miners so they better be.

#### ***Apiks' Diary - 2nd of Granite***

These rivers are hazardous. Today I saw a snapping turtle. We may be able to turn it into food but I dare not go near the river with those allie gators there. I hope the 4 dogs that I brought along will be enough defence in case something happens.

#### ***Apiks' Diary - 3rd of Granite***

Blasted! There is an aquifer directly below the sand mountain. This will indeed present a number of challenges. For now I have immediately ordered for the miners to mine out the sand mountain for a temporary base.

#### ***Apiks' Diary - 10th of Granite***

This is ridiculous. I never thought I'd be missing those forsaken rocks back at home. I do hope that we find a way to find some material soon.

***Apiks' Diary - 13th of Granite***

Those idiot miners have been on hauling duty instead of mining. I have corrected this and they are working on fully efficiency. We have to strike the earth, and strike it fast.

***Apiks' Diary - 6th of Slate***

Progress is slow. I have ordered the miners on hauling duty again. Who knew that getting our stuff from the caravan was such a slow work.

***Apiks' Diary - 26th of Slate***

This really is slow progress but at least our stuff is in the mountain and workshop as well as bedrooms are being made. This will help us greatly since all of our backs ache from sleeping on the ground for almost a month now.

***Apiks' Diary - 4th of Felsite***

I have ordered multiple holes to be dug out and our most promising one - next to the river failed as well. There is no stone in this forsaken land. This aquifer dooms us. As such I have ordered for a trade depot to be built. The traders will bring us stone. And a lot of it it shall be.

***Apiks' Diary - 16th of Felsite***

Blasted. Our food stocks are running dangerously low. Whose brilliant idea was this place anyway?

***Apiks' Diary - 25th of Felsite***

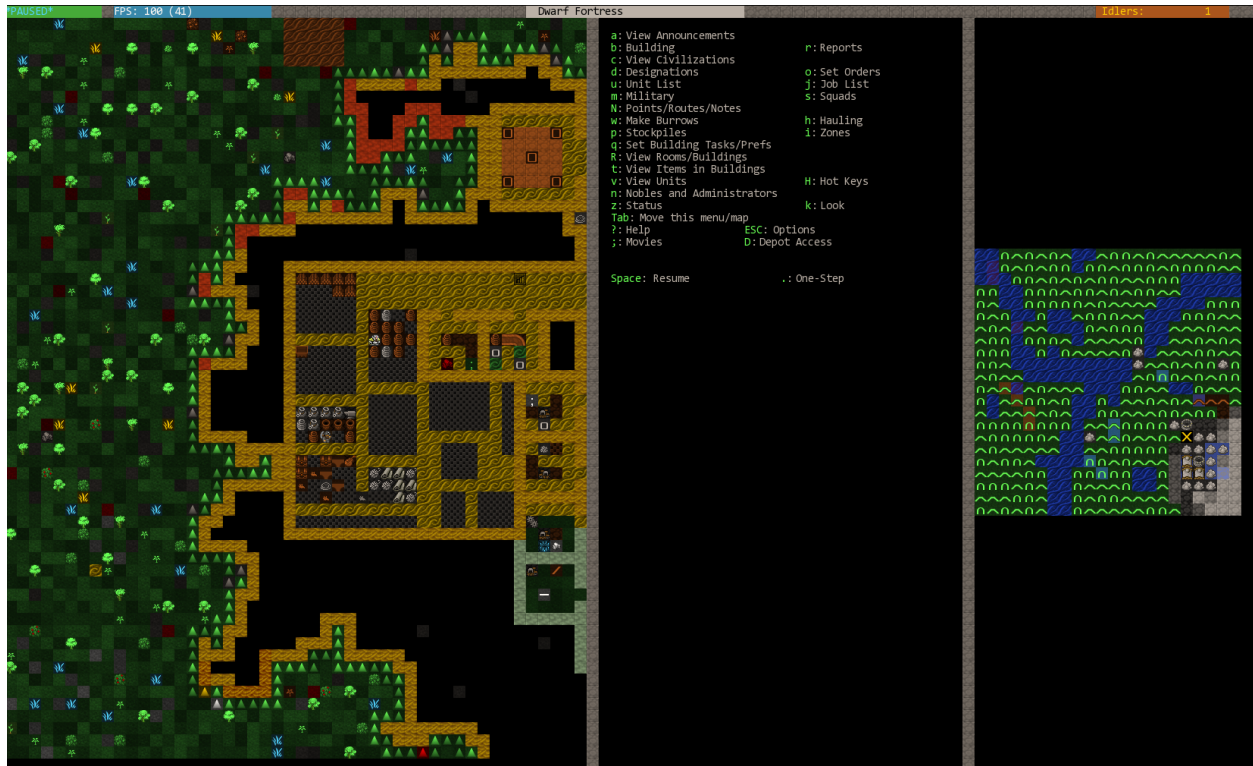
Beds, a wooden bridge and a mechanic's workshop have begun to be constructed. I will make this place to sustain a population if that's the last thing I do!

***Apiks' Diary - 4th of Hematite***

RAWR! Why is almost everything in this world made out of ROCK? That's the only thing that we DON'T have. I hope the caravan comes soon because we will be needing it.

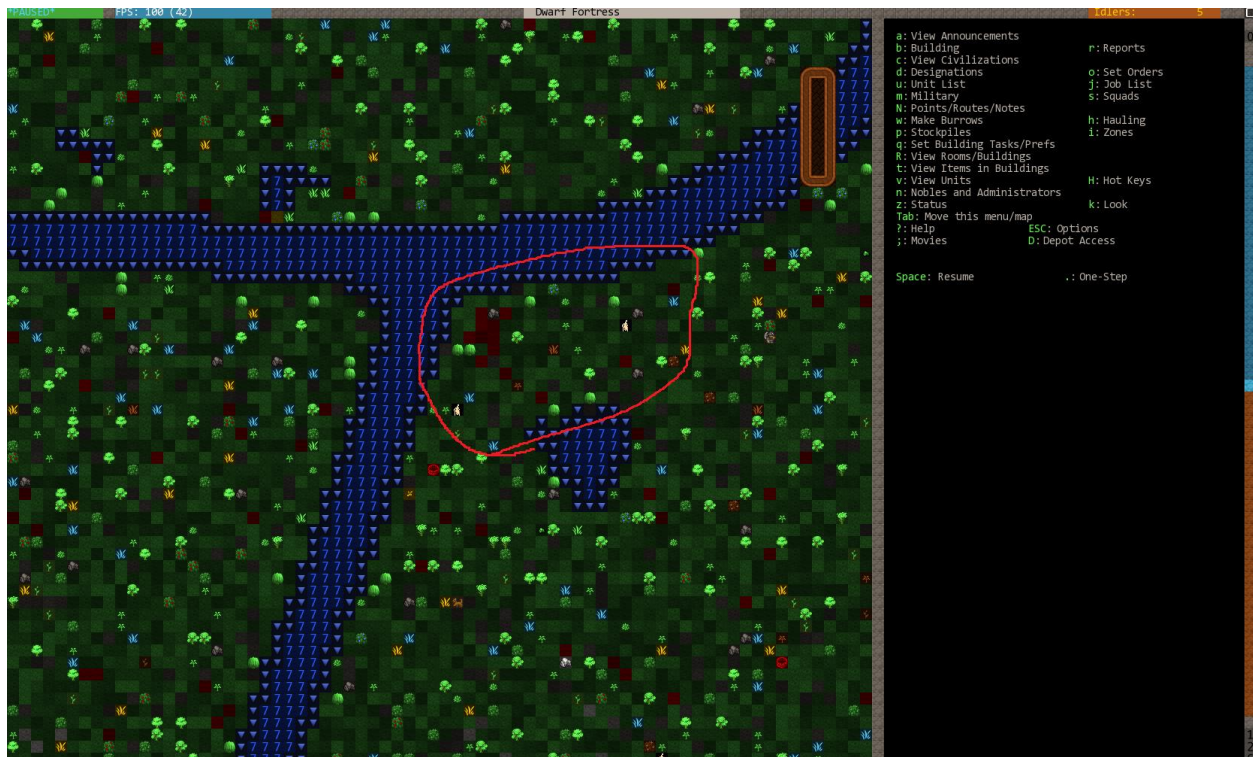
## Apiks' Diary - 13th of Hematite

I...will...make...sure...this..fortress...survives....



## Apiks' Diary - 21th of Hematite

Oh no! 2 louse men have been spotted. This is extremely bad as we have no means of defending ourselves. Even I cannot defend myself due to not having ANYTHING with what to do that.



### ***Apiks' Diary - 22nd of Hematite***

Make that 3 louse men....

### ***Apiks' Diary - 25th of Hematite***

Yes! Much needed migrants have arrived. This bring the fort's population to 14.

### ***Apiks' Diary - 28th of Hematite***

I cannot handle this. I have send a letter to my master asking for advice. I hope something good will happen out of this.

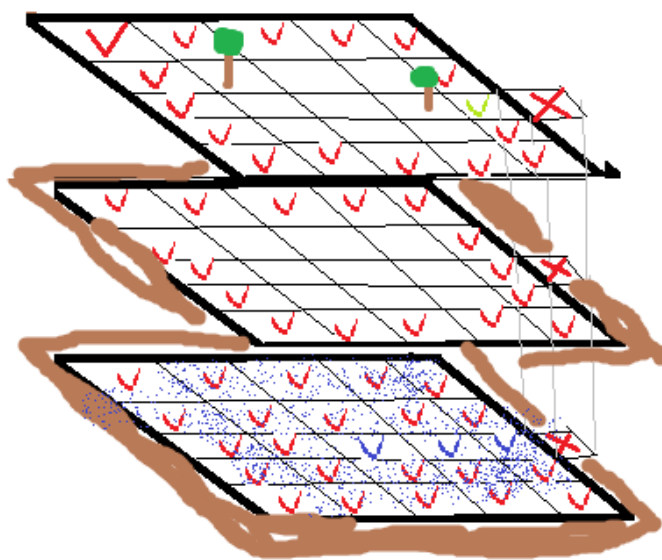
### ***Apiks' Diary - 29th of Hematite***

Today I have received a letter from my master. He is indeed worthy of the title master. He has told me how to proceed to deal with the aquifer. He even included sketches along with his reply. As such I have immediately begin doing his "plug" method. I have ordered the plug method to be built inside the damned sand mountain in case we are attacked, we will have 2 lines of defense (the sand tower and the entrance to the plug).

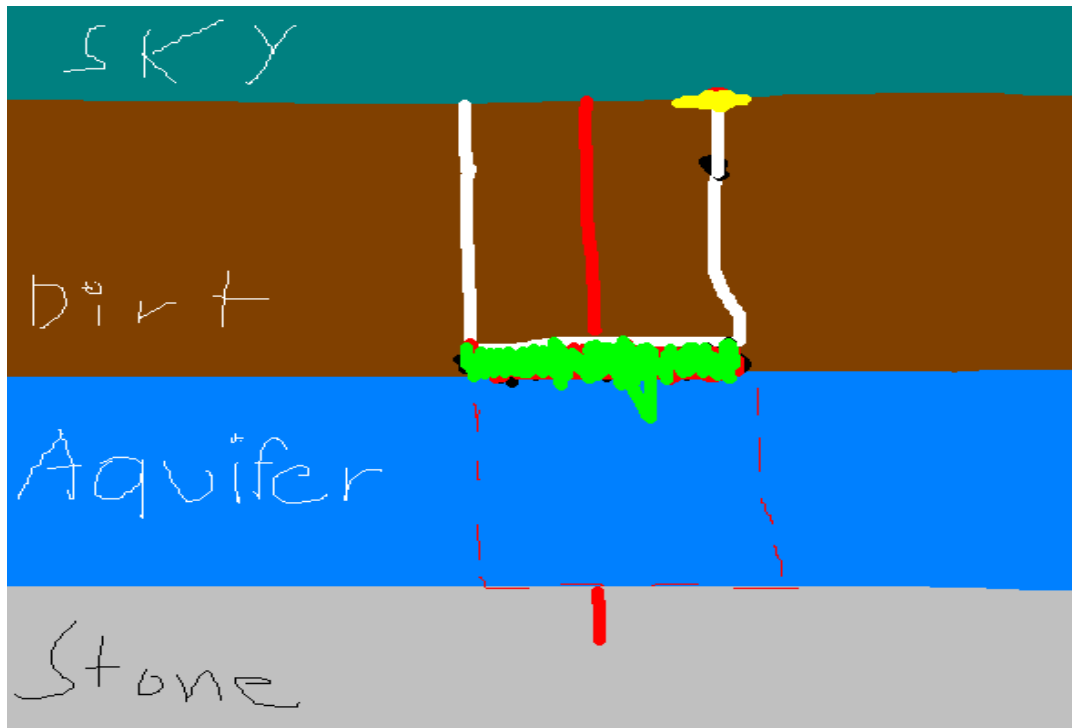
I have been notified that one of our members, indeed our doctor, is a man named Sprin. He seems a bit strange but I am sure he will be a great asset to us.

FPS: 100 (43) Sprin' Raluzol, "Sprin' Silveryoil", MAD DOCTOR

Sprin' Raluzol has been quite content lately. She slept without a proper room recently. She slept recently. She has complained of the lack of chairs lately. She talked with a friend lately. She was rain recently. She is a worshipper of Vash the Hot Canyon and a faithful worshipper of Risen the Emerald of Turquoise. She is a citizen of The Hatchet of Chaos. She is a member of The Frosty Shields. She is the chief of The Frosty Shields. She arrived at Ugithgelut on the 1st of Granite in the year 251. She is eighty-eight years old, born on the 10th of Hematite in the year 163. She is muscular. Her narrow jade eyes are incredibly close-set. Her hair is clean-shaven. Her snose is quite long. Her tan skin is wrinkled. Her somewhat broad ears are somewhat splayed out. She is strong and quick to heal. Sprin' Raluzol likes salinspar, lead, crystal, opal and backpacks. When possible, she prefers to loon, bloated tubers, gutter crud and pig tail seeds. She absolutely detests mussels. She has a very good sense of empathy, good intuition, a good kinesthetic sense and good creativity. She has analytical abilities, quite good focus and an atrocious spatial sense. She is very quick to anger. She enjoys being in crowds. She is relaxed. She is eager for new ex. is compassionate. She is disorganized. She is occasionally given to procrastination. She needs al through the working day. She likes working outdoors and grumbles only mildly at inclement weather. A short, sturdy creature fond of drink and industry.



- step 1: make an up/down staircase all the way into the aquifer.
- step 2: dig (not channel) a series of rings on each level enclosing a 5x5 space (indicated by messy brown).
- step 3: channel out all the dirt indicated by the red v's in the image at left. If you have more than just one layer to dig out, that's fine. Copy the middle part of the diagram for every additional level.
- step 4: carefully channel out the blue v's, one place a time. Start at the one in the middle. This is to make sure you don't lose any miners.
- step 5: mine out the final green V at ground level. This will send a plug of dirt into the water at the bottom.



***Apiks' Diary - 3rd of Malachite***

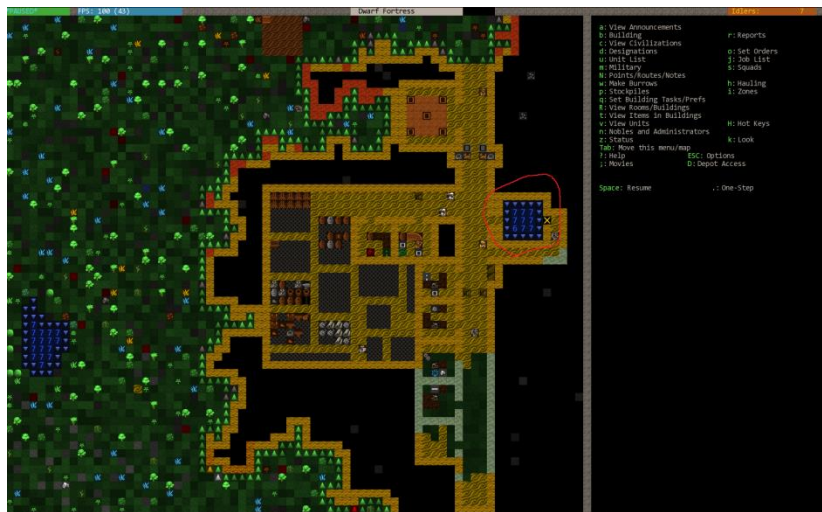
These lousy men will have to be dealt in near future. They are causing me a lot of stress on whether they will attack or not.

***Apiks' Diary - 5th of Malachite***

Great! The plug is completed. We are completely ready to show that aquifer bastard who's boss. As such I have ordered for the plug to be activated and for the aquifer to feel our wrath.



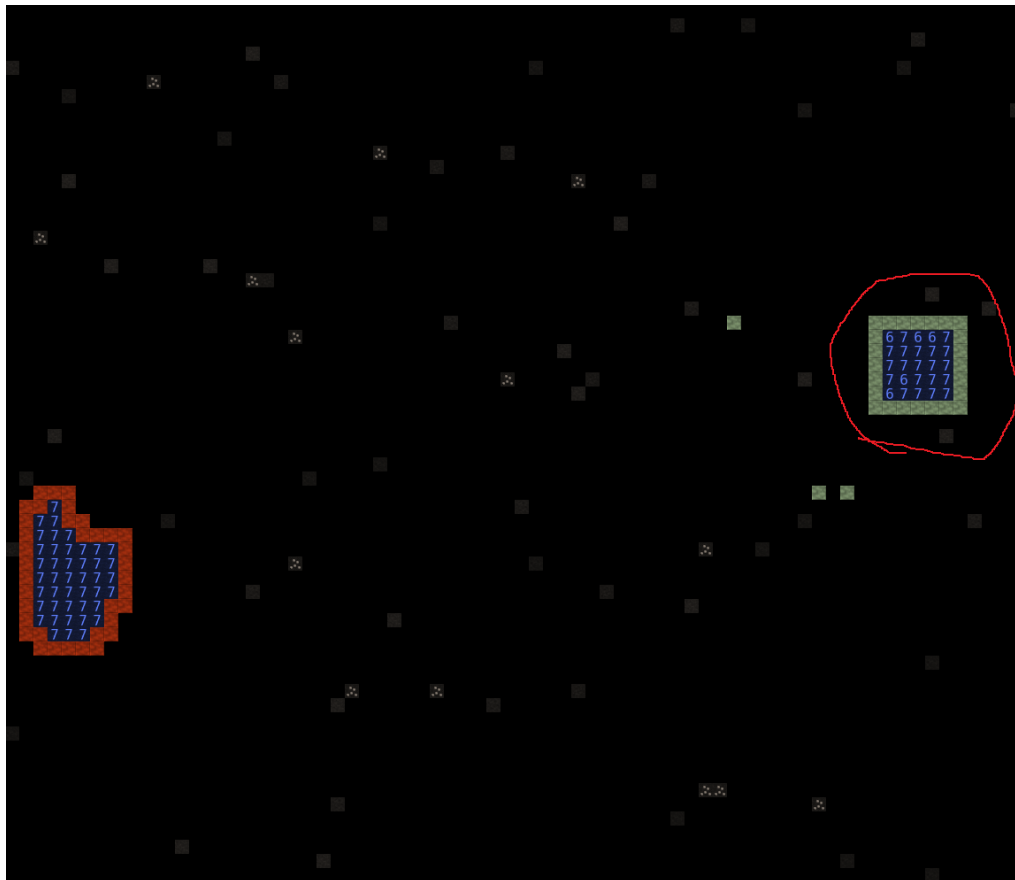
## Top floor



## Bottom floor



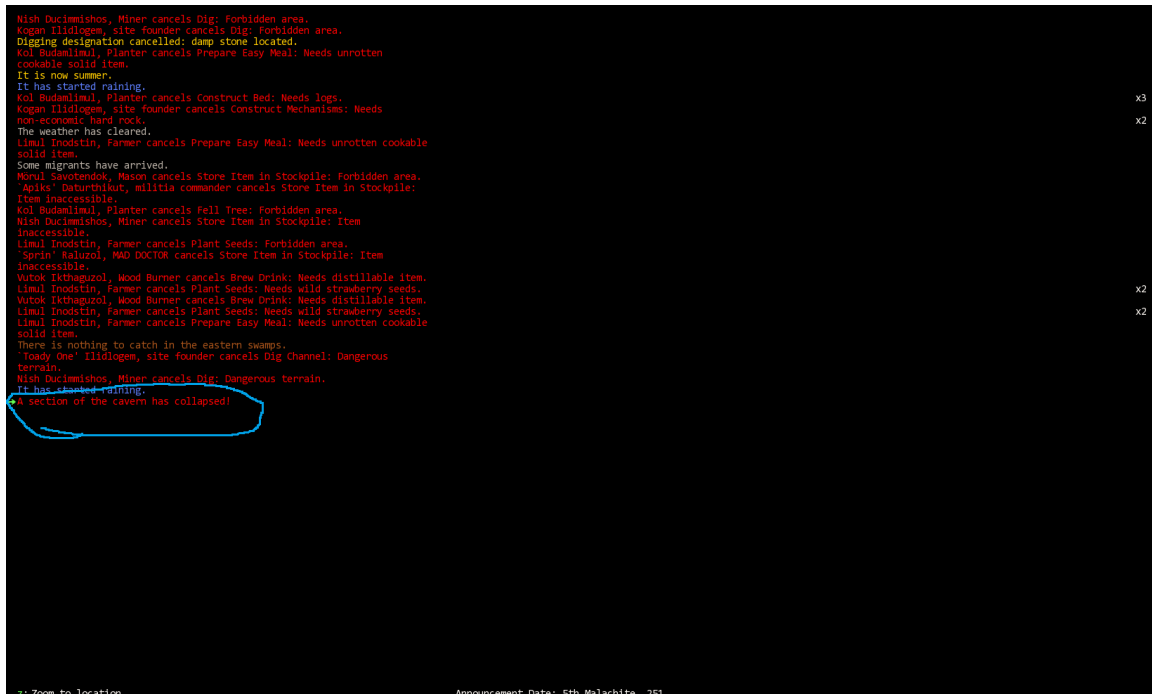
## Aquifer



1 hour later...

It works! It works! Take that you damn aquifer!





## Apiks' Diary - 6th of Malachite

WHAT? WHAT DO YOU MEAN IT DIDN'T WORK?

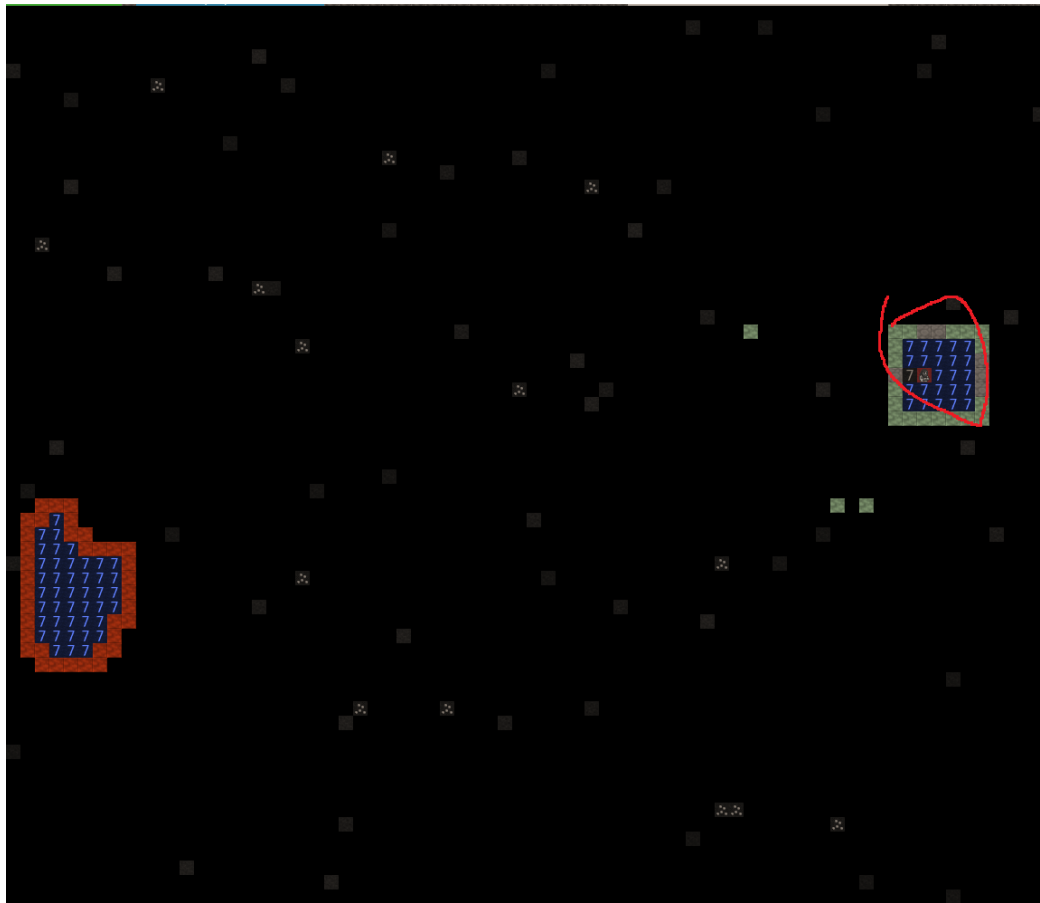
WHERE'S THE FOOL THAT I TOLD TO ACTIVATE IT?

Dead? What do you mean dead? The plan was flawless.

.....

That's it. I'm ordering a full out assault against these aquifers. THIS LAND SHALL BE CLEANSED OF THEM.

As for the forumite that perished, we have no ways of acquiring his body at this given time but he shall be memorated. A grim day indeed for all of us.



We must not falter. I have ordered yet another hole to conquer the aquifer to be dig out. This time there will be no mistakes. I promise you that my people!

On the bright side though, one less mouth to feed. Although it is truly a shame that we have lost one of our picks. Food is dangerously low as well.

### **Apiks' Diary - 7th of Malachite**

Excellent. The bridge I ordered to be done is finally complete. Now we can venture into the other side of the river. But for now it is time for REVENGE AGAINST THE AQUIFER!



I hope a trade caravan arrives soon or this will be a real disaster in winter.

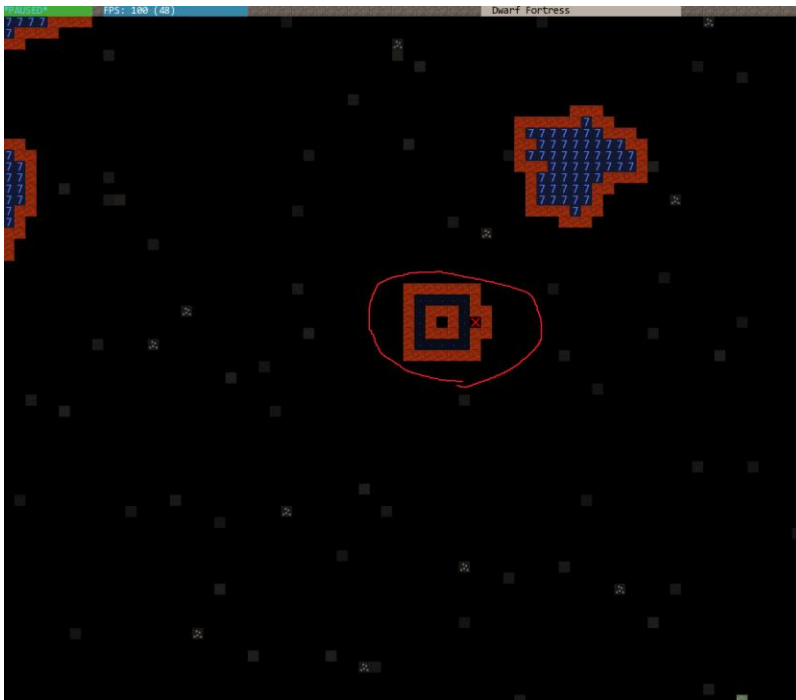
### Apiks' Diary - 13th of Malachite

It is ready. The second plug is completed. But it is outside the sand mountain which is not as planned. But this time I am sure it will work as intended. I will make sure it does. And as safely as possible as well.

Ground floor



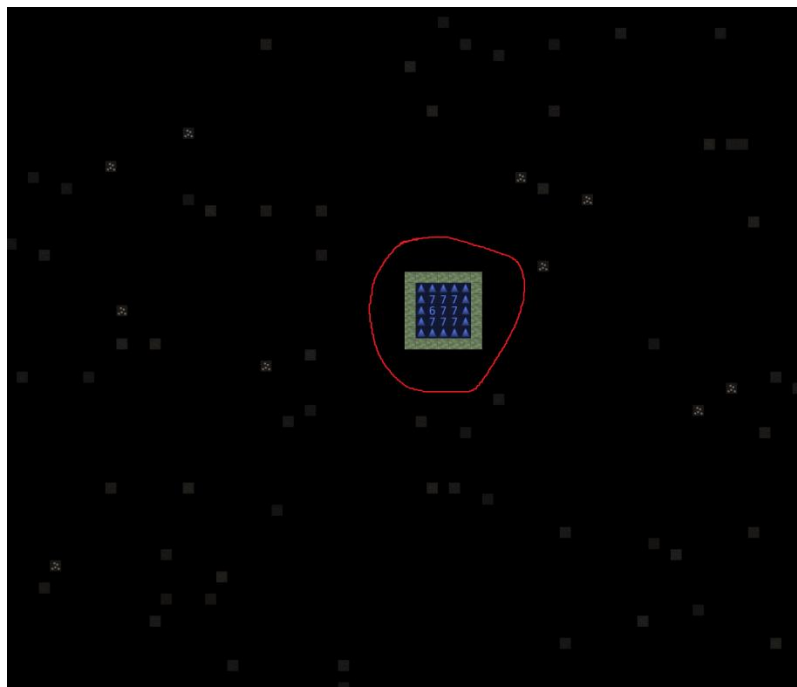
Middle floor



## Bottom floor



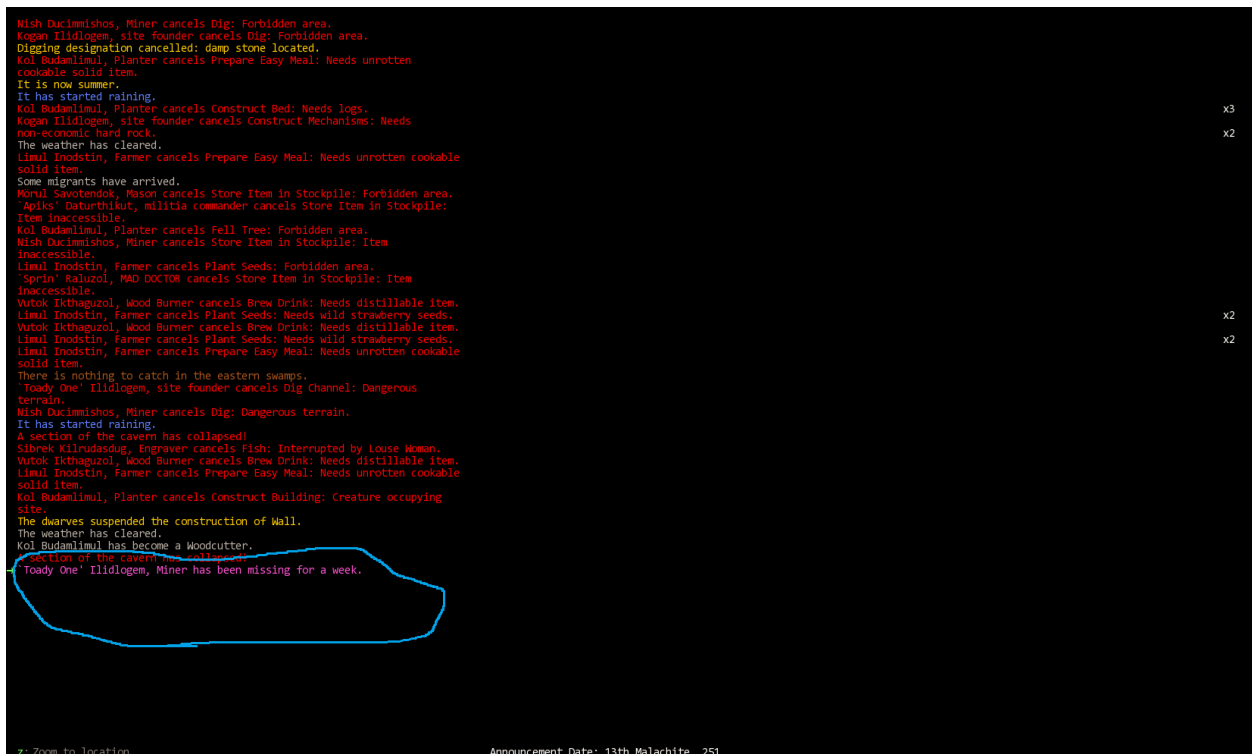
## Aquifer



ACTIVATE OPERATION AQUIFERDESTROY!

2 hours later...

Grim news reach us. Today I have been informed that one of our miners, the miner that died in the previous plug accident, has been missing for a week. With this we have specified who exactly he is. We shall forever mourn you Site Founder Toady One! You were a good miner and Site Founder.



On the bright side, the aquifer has been defeated and we are to build a bridge across to reach stone!

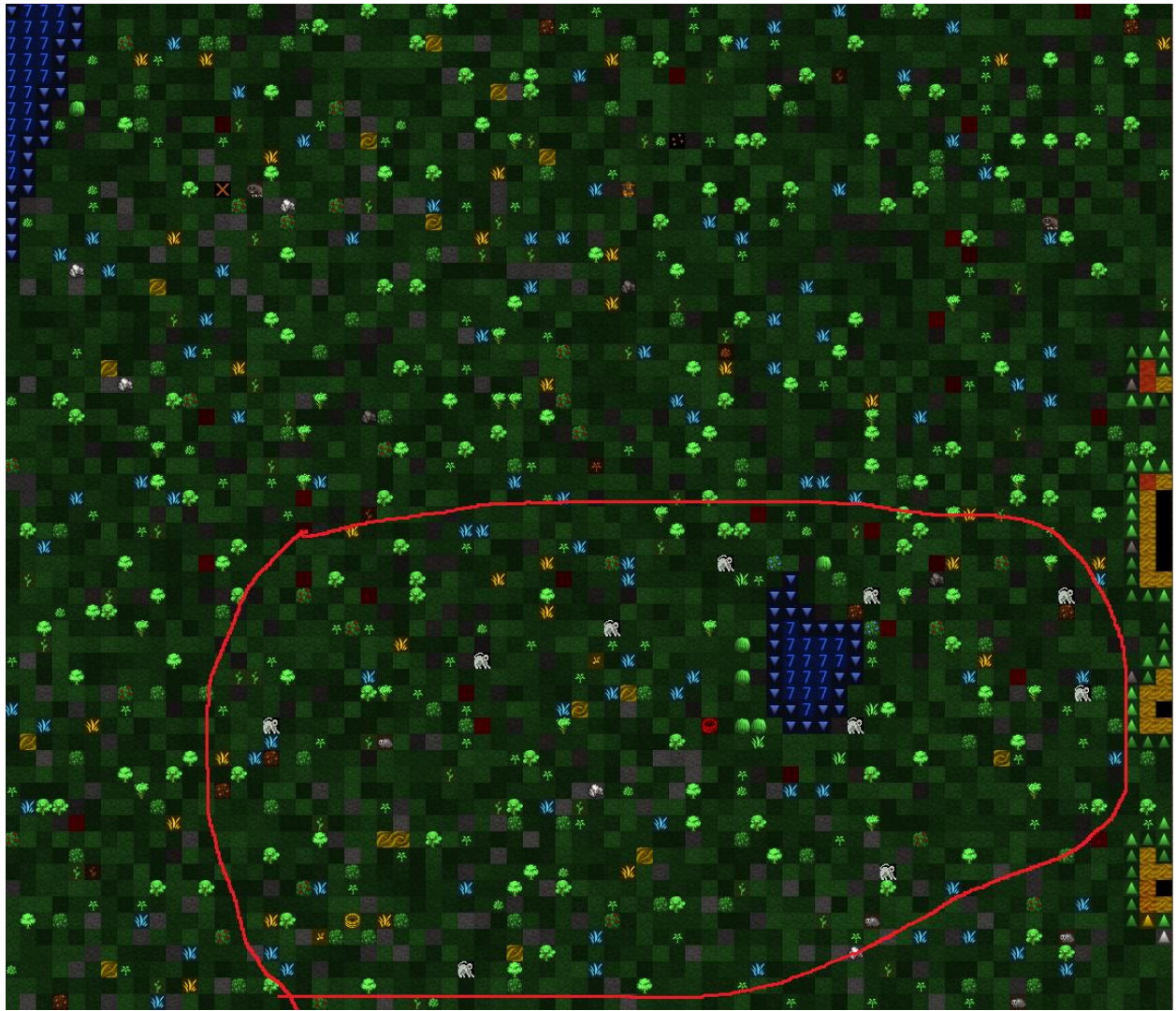
### ***Apiks' Diary - 14th of Malachite***

Oi you miner! Why are you not working on the defeated aquifer? On a break you say? I see. It's understandable to be afraid of these aquifers after the recent events but do not falter! They shall be defeated by all my authority.

### ***Apiks' Diary - 16th of Malachite***

Curses! A giant gray langur invasion has arrived! These monkeys have plans of stealing our stuff and ripping us to shreds! This is extremely bad. I have immediately ordered for us to stay at the fortress and a door to be built immediately before they reach and spell the doom of the fortress. I'd fight them myself but I have no equipment to do so and I hardly stand a chance against what? 10 Giant Gray Lengurs?





### ***Apiks' Diary - 23rd of Malachite***

These Lengurs are formidable opponents. I have decided that our best course of action is to wait for a trade caravan to come. Our only concern is with food. It is outside. This might be a problem but we will maange.

### ***Apiks' Diary - 24th of Malachite***

Blasted! Our booze supplies ran out before our food ones! This might be a huge problem. And Toady One's body has started giving out miasma even though it's underwater! It must be walled immediately.



### ***Apiks' Diary - 8th of Galena***

WHAT? One of my Farmers just told me today that we can make farms on sand. Why was I not informed of this earlier? Idiots I tell you, idiots.

### ***Apiks' Diary - 11th of Galena***

The lengur invasion is over. Only 2 remain the whole area. Thank god for that. I thought we wouldn't survive this. As such GET YOUR ASSES BACK TO WORK YOU LAZYBAGS! Atleast we survived without casualties.

### ***Apiks' Diary - 16th of Galena***

Why do I keep thinking that these people are forming a fishing club? Well they are near the river and are fishing and are together. That's good enough reason for me.



### ***Apiks' Diary - 20th of Galena***

Amazing, the fisher club managed to catch fish! I am amazed. They aren't as useless as I thought. Maybe I'll allow them to keep their club.

### ***Apiks' Diary - 1st of Limestone***

Autumn has arrived for us forumites. I expect a caravan to come this season. Thank god for that for we need it.

## Apiks' Diary - 5th of Limestone

I think our miner Nish is depressed. He's been doing nothing but attending meetings for almost 2-3 weeks now. Poor guy. How much work awaits him when he gets around to actually doing it, he has no idea. I'll make sure of it.

Citizens (13)	Pets/Livestock (8)	Others (4)	Dead/Missing (1)
Nish Ducinishos, Miner			Attend Meeting
Koi BUDAMIMU, Woodworker			No Job
Sakzul Gebaraban, Bowyer			No Job
Sibrek Kilrudaslug, site founder			Fish
Norui Savotendok, Mason			No Job
Vucar Uvarilegem, Mason			No Job
Deduk Egaronui, Weaponsmith			Fish
Domas Stakudmat, Leatherworker			No Job
Limul Inodstun, Farmer			Gather Plants
Domas Genfikod, Herbalist			Gather Plants
Vutok Ikthaguzol, Wood Burner			No Job
'Sprin' Raluzol, MAD DOCTOR			Store Item in Stockpile
Apiks' Daturthikut, militia commander			No Job

v: ViewCre, c: Zoom-Cre, b: Zoom-Bld, m: Manager, r: Remv Cre

*At this point the diary stops abruptly, with no evidence of a continuation. It is generally taken as the end of the Rule of Apiks the First. Only a few new people are listed.*

## Ushiromiya - Woodworker

Ushiromiya Budamlimul has been fine lately. He admired a fine Door lately. He was forced to endure the decay of a friend. He slept in the dirt recently. He has lost a friend to tragedy recently. He has complained of the lack of chairs lately. He was caught in the rain recently. He has been satisfied at work lately. He is an ardent worshipper of Eseth the Emerald of Turquoise and a worshipper of Idreth the Bejeweled Fortune. He is a citizen of The Hatchet of Chaos. He is a member of The Frosty Shields. He arrived at Ugithgelut on the 1st of Granite in the year 251. He is sixty-seven years old, born on the 24th of Granite in the year 184. His right upper leg is bruised. He is average in size. His medium-length sideburns are braided. His very long moustache is neatly combed. His very long beard is braided. His medium-length hair is neatly combed. He has a high squeaky voice. His somewhat short ears have great swinging lobes. His eyebrows are quite long. His nose is slightly hooked. His somewhat narrow jade eyes are slightly sunken. His hair is burnt sienna. His skin is tan. He is susceptible to disease. Ushiromiya Budamlimul likes native copper, brass, blue garnet, flasks, dogs for their loyalty and sloth bears for their large floppy ears. When possible, he prefers to consume tuber beer. He absolutely detests jumping spiders. He has a great deal of patience, but he has little willpower and very bad analytical abilities. He tends to avoid crowds. He does not have a great aesthetic sensitivity. He does not go out of his way to help others. He is compassionate. He lacks confidence. He needs alcohol to get through the working day. He likes working outdoors and grumbles mildly at inclement weather. A short, sturdy creature fond of drink and industry.

## Mastahcheese - Herbalist

mastahcheese Ganfikod has been quite content lately. He had a nice bath recently. He admired a fine Restraint lately. He was caught in the rain recently. He has complained of the lack of chairs lately. He has been satisfied at work lately. He is married to Esther1 Squeezedilled and has one child: Deg\*1 Ragmountain. He is the son of Momuz Oilybronz and Saul Diamondurns. He is an ardent worshipper of Vash the Hot Canyon, a worshipper of Almsesh, a worshipper of Dagon the Abysses of Cresting and a worshipper of Idreth the Bejeweled Fortune. He is a citizen of The Hatchet of Chaos. He is a member of The Frosty Shields. He is a former member of The Rhyming Cigster. He is a former member of The Order of Fires. He arrived at Ugithgelut on the 25th of Hematite in the year 251. He is fifty-seven years old, born on the 7th of Moonstone in the year 194. He is average in size. His sideburns are clean-shaven. His medium-length moustache is neatly combed. His medium-length beard is neatly combed. His hair is clean-shaven. His slightly wide-set jade eyes are protruding. His skin is tan. He is quite durable, but he is quite susceptible to disease. mastahcheese Ganfikod likes chromite, rose gold, malachite, moogs, battle axes and bucklers. When possible, he prefers to consume fisher berry wine and dwarven sugar. He absolutely detests bark scorpions. He has a very good sense of empathy, good creativity and a good kinesthetic sense, but he has a shortage of patience, poor focus, a large deficit of willpower, little linguistic ability, very bad analytical abilities and next to no natural musical ability. He is always tense and jittery. He is very slow to anger. He occasionally overindulges. He is very friendly. He is very assertive. He is an ardent believer in convention and traditional society. He is guarded in relationships with others. He is confident. He needs alcohol to get through the working day. A short, sturdy creature fond of drink and industry.

Mastahcheese's Wife - Esther 1 - Wood Burner

Esther1 Ikthaguzal has been quite content lately. She admired a fine Bridge lately. She has been annoyed by flies. She has been satisfied at work lately. She was caught in the rain recently. She has complained of the lack of chairs lately. She has complained of the lack of a well lately. She has complained of the dusty water lately. She is married to mastahcheese1 Dishglaze and has one child: Deg1 Ragmountain. She is the daughter of Rakust Peacepadded and Stodir Lancespirals. She is a faithful worshipper of Kesen the Emerald of Turquoise, a casual worshipper of Etur, a worshipper of Idr2th the Bejeweled Fortune, a worshipper of Rimsh and an ardent worshipper of Vash the Hot Canyon. She is a citizen of The Hatchet of Chags. She is a member of The Frosty Shields. She is a former member of The Closed Abbey. She is a former member of The Rhyming Cigister. She is a former member of The Order of Fires. She arrived at Ugithgelut on the 25th of Hematite in the year 251. She is sixtythree years old, born on the 16th of Limestone in the year 188. She is very thin. Her very long hair is neatly combed. Her head is somewhat narrow. Her eyebrows are quite dense. Her somewhat short ears are somewhat narrow. Her hair is ochre. Her skin is tan. Her eyes are jade. Esther1 Ikthaguzal likes light, nickel, brown, jasper, cardinal bone, menacing spikes, sheep for their tendency to flock, winged devils for their horrifying features and bloated tubers for their stout shape. When possible, she prefers to consume tapir cheese, sunshine and Longland flour. She absolutely detests oysters. She has a great musical sense, but she has a little difficulty with notes and little catinags. She has a calm demeanor. She is slow to anger. She is very comfortable in social situations. She can handle stress. She has a fertile imagination. She is highly adventurous and loves fresh experiences. She dislikes intellectual discussions. She is trusting. She is very straightforward with others. She is completely disorganized. She has a strong sense of duty. She strives for excellence. She lowers her eyes when she's angry. She needs alcohol to get through the working day. A short, sturdy creature fond of drink and industry.

Five Kills  
Five elephants (象) in Glidesnarls



## Chapter II

### The Rule of Talvieno, the Thief of Necrothreat I

#### ***5th Limestone, Early Autumn***

Bahahaha! My plan has worked, and Apiks can kiss my shiny dwarven backside! Booyah, baby! I, Tal Denber Machinebend, am now the sole ruler of Necrothreat! Oh yeah! Oh yeah! All right!

A couple weeks back, my buddies and I got a call that we could be the rulers of a fortress, "easy as 1 2 3!" I said, "eh, I could take it or leave it." I decided to take it - after all, that's why Armok, our holy and most blessed redeemer, invented thievery. I stole a fortress, baby! Man, I don't know what's funnier, how everybody's eating their food outside in the rain, or how we don't have any stone yet!

...

...What exactly have I gotten myself into?

Okay, first thing's first. We're gonna need some serious quantities of alcohol. I commandeered the wagon, emptied it, and now we can fill it with moonshine!

#### ***6th Limestone, Early Autumn***

Seems like we don't have anything to brew in our wagonstill... And the farm plots aren't set to grow anything... Man, first brewing and now farming? I have to do TWO THINGS?! Forget it.

#### ***7th Limestone, Early Autumn***

My love for the blessed Lady Alcohol got the better of me. I got some of these schmoozes making it for me! Booyah, baby!

I also decided it'd probably be a good idea to build a table/chair out of wood, indoors. I dunno about the

dwarves, but I like eatin' my meals in style. Even if they're stolen meals. (Tip #82: Stolen meals add extra flavor.)

We've got a path to the underground, but sorry to say, looks like there's nothing protecting it. I set some of the dumber dwarves about chopping some wood. Is there anything I can't do with this newfound power? All right! Shoot, I need somebody to high-five.

I need a room... There's no way I'm building one of my own, though. You crazy? Too much work. Naw, I'm stealin' somebody else's. I'll get a nice room, covered in engravings of me...

### ***8th Limestone, Early Autumn***

Okay, so we don't have any rooms with stone walls, so no engravings. No prob, no prob, I'll just... huh. You know, crazy as it sounds, I think that infomercials scam you sometimes. I've been SCAMMED! The scammer has become the scammeeee!!! Or... maybe it's the other way around... They just THINK I fell for it. Well, just wait! All my actions are pre-determined, which means they fell for their own scam by creating it! They think they're going to be successful! Bahahaha!

Still, we need that wood. And those chairs. Augh, this is gonna be a problem. Can't I just have somebody else do it? Nah, you know what, I AM gonna have somebody else do it. They can all kiss my shiny dwarven backside! I'm king, baby! I bow to NO tree. The trees bow to ME!  
...on second thought, chopping wood suddenly sounds appealing...

### ***12th Limestone, Early Autumn***



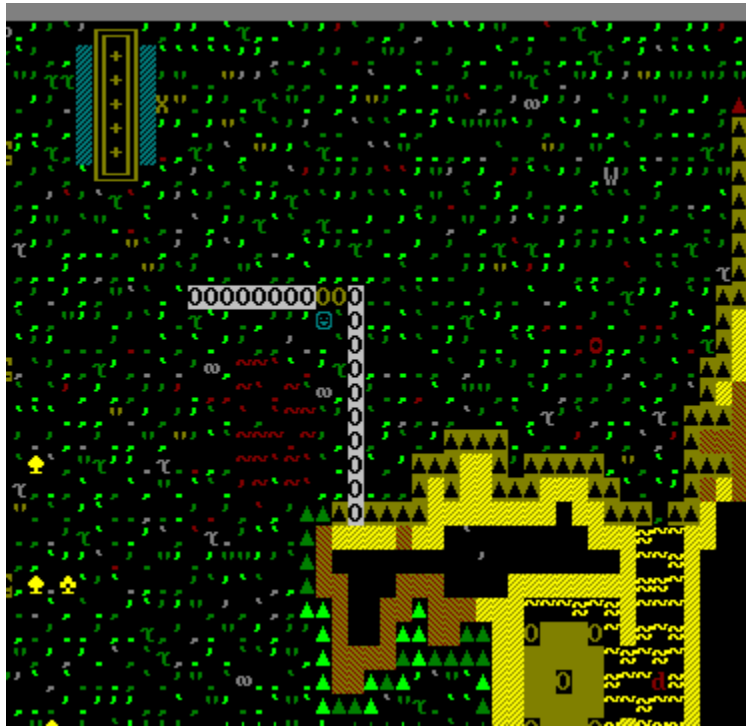
Oh yeah, baby! Bow to me! We're getting some wood, now! And the lame-o farmers have already started growing plump helmets! Soon I'll have barrels of beer, and all to myself! No... why stop at beer? I shall allow only the finest Merlot in my esteemed mansion. I'll have some lame-o carpenters commence on building it.



Man, these Gray Langur Men are stealin' everything. That's MY job! Still, have to say I admire their style, but they have horrible tastes. I only settled for stealing a whole fortress, while they're fine with a few socks and shoes. Bahahaha, losers.



### ***3rd Sandstone, Mid Autumn***



So, it's been a coupla weeks, and we still don't have any booze! I can't think straight! Still, I've chopped a lotta wood, and we're getting my mansion built! Booyah, baby! Those gray langnurs can kiss my shiny dwarven backside... While I'm swimming in my three-hundred foot pool! Booyah! There's this awesome pit in the ground that nobody's using, and I'm gonna fill it with water from the river! Who's awesome, baby? That's right! Me! I'm sure the fish won't mind too bad if I steal their water.

Apiks is helping build my illustrious mansion. I bet he had no idea he'd be working for me before his term was even up! Bahahaha! Sprin's hauling wood around, Mastahcheese is helping build my mansion, too, Ushriromiya is helpin' grow my mushrooms for my booze, and Esther1... is sleeping... Hey, whoa, nellie! Nobody's lazy on MY watch! She needs to get back up and keep doing my work for me!

Bah, there's no way I'm climbing those stairs to the living quarters. Too far of a walk. Maybe I can find somebody else to do it.

### ***7th Sandstone, Mid Autumn***

Nobody's doing a thing! They all say they're starving! Liars... trying to steal my food from me... Oh well, I've ordered a butcher's shop built so we can slaughter our animals. We dine on fine red meat tonight, baby! Booyah!

### ***11th Sandstone, Mid Autumn***



Migrants! Bahahaha, suckers. I'll put 'em to work building my mansion. Oh, and might I mention... WE STRUCK GOLD?! Booyah! Right on the other side of the aquifer. Denber, you, my friend, are a genius! Mwah! Oh yes, my mansion will be made of solid gold! I'll tear those walls down and build it fresh! Solid gold!

Bah, I'll just leave the walls up there. Too much work to pull 'em down. I AM going to have our miner, Nish, dig out a nice spot for us belowground. We'll feast on our meat in style! Only the best for Denber and associates!

...Nine migrants?! What are we gonna do with them all? I'm gonna have to build somewhere for 'em to stay... Damn it, maybe being a ruler isn't all it's hyped up to be. Maybe I can hire somebody else to do the dirty work. I'll just sit back and watch. But hey, we got a second miner! Wait, correction... THREE miners now! And they brought along free picks! We're going at the stone doubletime now! We'll have gold out our behinds! Booyah! Stealin' has never been so profitable! I estimate a 100% profit margin... and I didn't invest a dime! That means INFINITE, baby! Who says there's no such thing as a free lunch?! I steal mine daily!

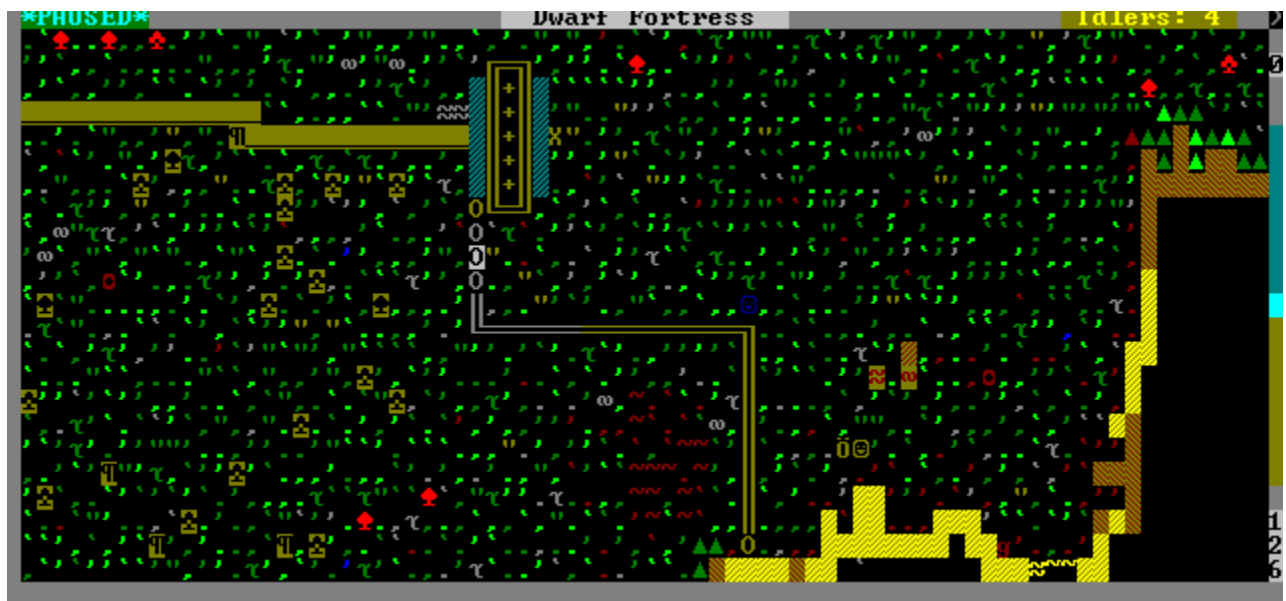
### ***17th Sandstone, Mid Autumn***

We're brewing my booze! Booyah! All right then, one little issue. My unwitting slaves inform me that merlot is made from grapes, and we don't have any grapes. I suppose I'll have to be content with fine wine. But hey! I got a table up, and it's serving as a dining hall! All for me! Actually, I tricked a few of the migrants into putting it up. I just leaned against a wall and told him what to do.



Phew! Being an overseer sure is tough work. Obviously, I am taking a much-deserved break in this picture. Beside me are smelly animals. They poop on my floor. I'm going to have them executed.

## 22nd Sandstone



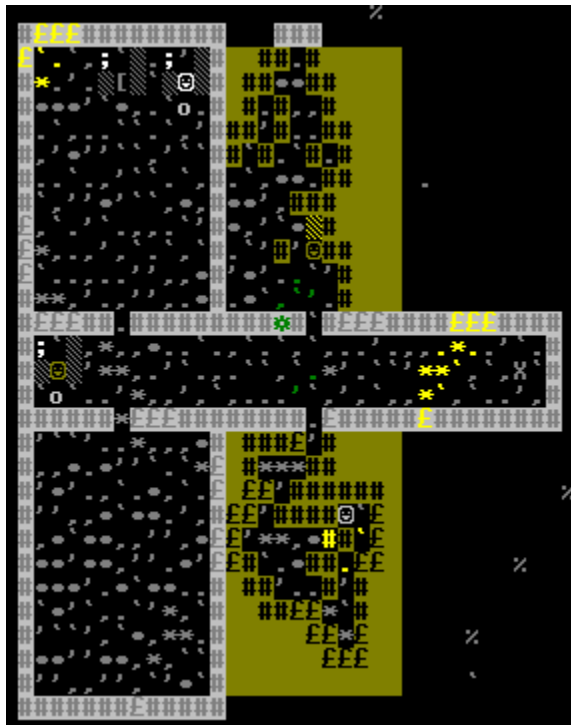
My diving board is done! Booyah! Sad, though, my idiot carpenter slaves didn't understand what I was saying, and built the diving board ACROSS the pool. Maybe I didn't give them enough of a description. Or maybe they just haven't seen my standard of living before! That's right, baby, Tal Denber's in the house!

I'm gonna put up a fence around the place, just to make sure I can keep trespassers out of my pool.

### ***10th Timber, Late Autumn***

Nobody's doing what I'm telling them to anymore, so I made myself manager. Now they HAVE to do what I say, and on my schedule! I want my mansion up double-quick! It ain't enough that I'm mostly done with my private fence! And I want a dining room! And I don't want to have to lift a finger to make it happen! Make it so, chumps!

I also made Mastahcheese my site moderator. Sources tell me (which I shall keep secret) that this is similar to a sheriff. He carries a gun, and booyah, you know it! It'll keep my forumite servants in line!



Such a nice place we're carving out for ourselves... You can see Esther1 over at the mason's workshop on the left. I don't know anybody else's names (takes too much effort to learn them), but as you can clearly see, I'm not going down there until that place is finished! No way you'll see ME working in the mines! Uh uh! I'm too high-class for that. That's right, baby. Stealing is classy. And if it isn't, then I made it so. I'm Tal Denber! All shall fear my handsomeness and bow before me!

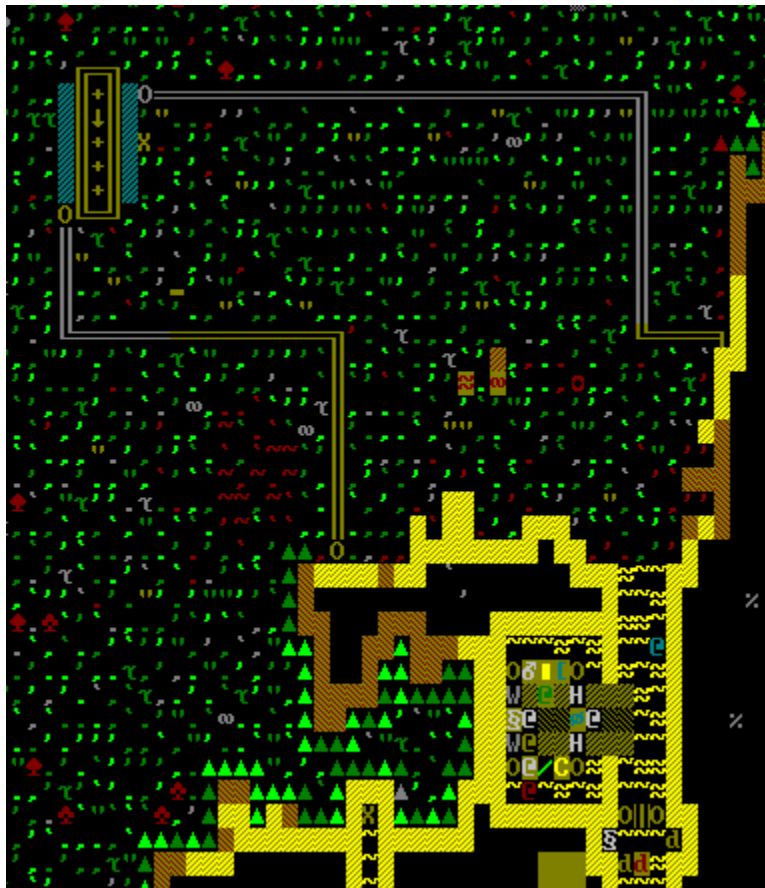
That room at bottom-left is going to be the dining hall. Doesn't it look grand? And yes, it has walls of tetrahedrite! Silver walls, baby! Booyah!

### ***11th Timber, Late Autumn***

Umm... Mastahcheese informs me that tetrahedrite is an ore of copper, not silver. Still. I've got all the

booze! Can't touch this! And I can't be bothered to learn it anyway. If I say it's silver, it's silver. My word is law, man. Can't steal my words from me, nuh uh.

### *24th Timber, Late Autumn*



The caravan has finally arrived! About time, too. I had us some spiked wooden balls made beforehand. Those things sell for millions. Bahahaha, suckers, all they get in return for our goods is a few worthless pointy balls. They can kiss my shiny forumite backside. Booyah! Oh, and better - my privacy fence has been installed! Now I can swim in my pool in peace! I can't wait until they finally get my waterfall done, and the pool, and the sauna...

Apiks suggests I'm demanding too much of everybody. I told him to go train himself. That's what you get

for messin' with the man, Denber! Oh yeah! That's right!

He's got a nice room to train in, at least.

### 2nd Moonstone, Early Winter

Ilral: Greetings from the Mountainhomes. Your efforts are legend there. Let us trade!			
Ilral seems willing to trade.			
Kadol Rërith		Ugithgelut	
<div><div>&lt;-«copper cage»-&gt;145*267Γ</div><div>&lt;yak bull (♂) cage (2201045Γ</div><div>&lt;ram (♂) cage &lt;lead&gt;120*390Γ</div><div>&lt;lolcat (♂) cage &lt;le40*352Γ [T]</div><div>&lt;copper cage&gt;20*267Γ</div><div>&lt;buck rabbit (♂) cag23*265Γ</div><div>&lt;-nickel cage-&gt;40*264Γ</div><div>&lt;duck (♀) cage &lt;nick30*265Γ</div><div>&lt;lead cage&gt;20*340Γ</div><div>&lt;-«lead cage»-&gt;70*340Γ</div><div>&lt;-tin cage-&gt;40*218Γ</div><div>&lt;dwarven ale Barrel60* 44Γ [T]</div><div>&lt;dwarven rum Barrel60* 51Γ [T]</div></div>		<div><div>spiked ashen ball126* &lt;1Γ [T]</div><div>spiked birchen ball126* &lt;1Γ [T]</div><div>*spiked oaken ball*504* &lt;1Γ [T]</div><div>spiked highwood ball126* &lt;1Γ [T]</div><div>-spiked ashen ball-252* &lt;1Γ [T]</div><div>spiked alder ball126* &lt;1Γ [T]</div><div>spiked ashen ball126* &lt;1Γ [T]</div></div>	
v: View good, Enter: Mark for trade s: Seize marked, t: Trade		v: View good, Enter: Mark for trade o: Offer marked to Kadol Rërith	
Trader Profit: 1226*     Value: 160*		Value: 1386*     Allowed Weight: 27494Γ	

They're not worth as much as they ought to have been, but I guess that's what you get for having skillless carpenters workin' for ya. I therefore decided that Esther and Mastahcheese could have their old jobs back. We've got plenty of useless migrants for the task. Mastahcheese is still gonna be our Site Moderator, though. And I made Ushiromiya our Banhammerer. If anyone steps out of line, they can have him to fear! And THEN me! I bet I'm scary enough already, though. Still, I can't be bothered to lift one of those heavy banhammers. Too heavy. Takes too long, too.

### 5th Moonstone, Early Winter

```
You have struck native gold!  
'Sprin' Raluzol, MAD DOCTOR cancels Store Item in Stockpile: Interrupted  
by Mosquito Woman.  
You have struck native gold!  
Winter is upon you.  
You have struck citrine!  
You have struck tetrahedrite!  
'Mastacheese' Ganfikod, moderator cancels Eat: Taken by mood.  
→ 'Mastacheese' Ganfikod, moderator is taken by a fey mood!
```

Aw, carp...

### ***5th Moonstone, Early Winter***

Man, Mastahcheese has stolen our only carpenter's workshop. Now he's gonna go build something we can't even sell! I hate this, man. Artifacts won't even get you any money! But maybe I'll steal whatever it is out from under him... Heheheheheh, sucker.

Still, we needed more to trade with the caravan... I wonder if they'll take spare migrants... I bet I could put a nice spin on that... "GETCHUR MIGRANTS HERE, UP TO 50% OFF! ADDED BONUS: FREE STEAK KNIVES!" Bahahaha, they'll never guess the steak knives are made of paper.

### ***12th Moonstone, Early Winter***

It's only worth 6000 bucks! I've stolen booze worth more than that! Still, it's a nice door... Might look good on my golden mansion... "Splashspun the Decisive Confederation"... now that's a name you can toast to! ...That reminds me, where's my slaves? I want more fine wine.



Rulushesesh Sestanonesh, "Splashpun the Decisive Confederation", a oakn

This is a oaken door. All craftsdwarfship is of the highest quality. It is encircled with bands of birch. On the item is an image of Nganiz Blowncunning the human and Planneddrum the giant hyena in oak. Planneddrum is striking down Nganiz Blowncunning. The artwork relates to the killing of the human Nganiz Blowncunning by the giant hyena Planneddrum in The Brilliant Hill in 219. On the item is an image of a single cut gem in prase.

On another note... Forumites from the mountainhome appear to be "too good" for the slave trade. Oh well, no issue, I'll just steal back what I sold them and sell it a second time! That's right, baby! Nobody messes with the T D! Denber all the way!

... You know... If I treated my slaves with a bit more respect, I might be able to teach them a thing or two about thievery... Imagine what we could steal THEN... Imagine - a whole country full of stolen fortresses, all belonging to me! And all I have to do is sign a paper to approve a school to educate my servants in the fine art of thievery. What's that? Bribe them to do my dirty work? Never! "Bribe" is such an ugly word. I prefer "extortion" - the "X" makes it sound cool.

Eh, then again, too much effort. I support and oppose many things, but not strongly enough to pick up a pen.

### ***23rd Moonstone, Early Winter***

Dammit! Those meatbag merchants left before I could hoist more worthless goods on 'em. I wanted them to stay - there were still so many things I don't own! Still... I got me a lolcat. And some gray langnurs killed one of the fleeing forumite oxen! Booyah, baby! Stolen goods! Ain't nothin' better! Y'know, maybe those langnurs ain't so bad after all! I should hire some as my goons...



The workshops are coming along nicely... My office is already up, too. Mastahcheese keeps pestering me for one of his own, but eh - he can wait. I'm boss, I come first. Muahahaha. He can kiss my shiny dwarven backside! And I still don't have bedrooms for everybody... But I figure that can wait. Digging bedrooms is counter-productive - nobody sleeps on my watch! Except me. I've got nothin' against sleepin' on my own watch.



### ***6th Opal, Mid Winter***

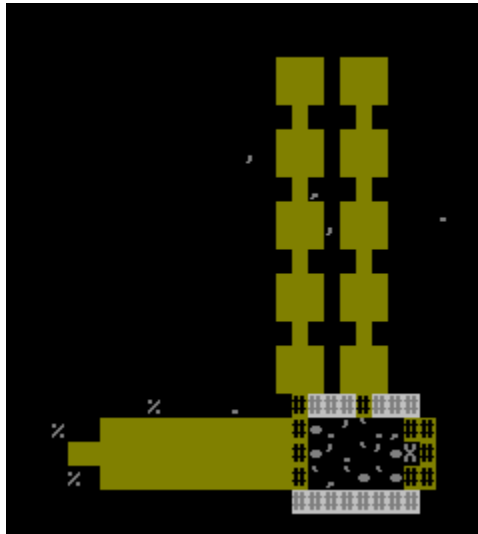
Mastahcheese informs me that the laptop I gave him is worthless - we don't have any electricity. I told him to go get struck by lightning, and that would fix the problem. Bahahaha, would've been beautiful if he'd fallen for it! But he didn't. Instead, he's getting a banhammer. Those things are fricken' heavy.

### ***20th Opal, Mid Winter***

The Liaison wouldn't quit following me around... I think he's a cop or something. It's hard to steal when he won't quit pestering you, so I finally sat down and asked him politely, "What the hell do you want, scumbag?" He claims he just wanted to know what we wanted from the caravan next year. I told him "Mostly booze, but some of everything. Except the dumb stuff, and don't bring any cheap wines. Oh, and bring lots of booze!"

He'd better not forget the booze. I want my booze.

On that note, the dorm idea won't work. I'm giving everybody tiny rooms of their own. Productivity, baby! I think I'm gettin' the hang of this!

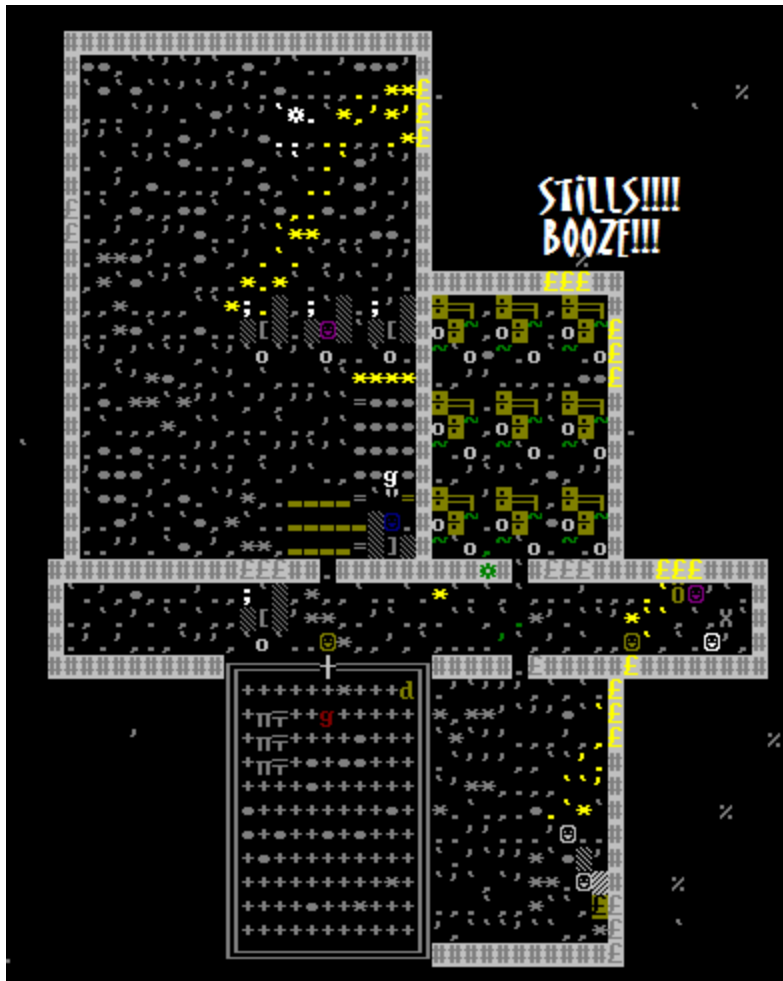


Meanwhile, my mansion is... Well... It's not quite done...



Okay, fine! They haven't started on it at all, and I've wanted them to build it for months! I don't get it - why would anybody NOT want to build it for me? What on earth could anyone POSSIBLY HAVE against ME?? I don't understand people sometimes. Or ever. Too complicated. Takes too long. They can all go dig a hole for themselves to fall in or something.

But... Guess what. MY MONUMENT IS COMPLETE! That's right, baby! Screw dorms! Lady Liquor will be pleased with me! In the words of the Archangel Shampain, "Sip swish swish gulp sip swish gulp gulp gulp pouuuuuuurrrrrrr gulp pouuuuuurrrrrrr gulp shatter chug chug chug chug chug." I have made a monument to booze! It is beautiful! It shall have floors of gold! And walls of gold! We will be swimming in booze! And I'll BUY my effing merlot like any true gentleman, and spit in the faces of anyone who gets in my way! Booyah, baby! Denber's back! All right! Oh yeah! Go Denber! Go Denber!



Booyah!

And before I Forget, I made Esther1 Archiver. She seems to be doing a... somewhat okay job so far. Not as quick as I'd like, but hey! I'll just cut her wages a bit! Not like she'll notice... Hee hee hee hee hee... Oh, Denber, you are an evil, handsome genius!

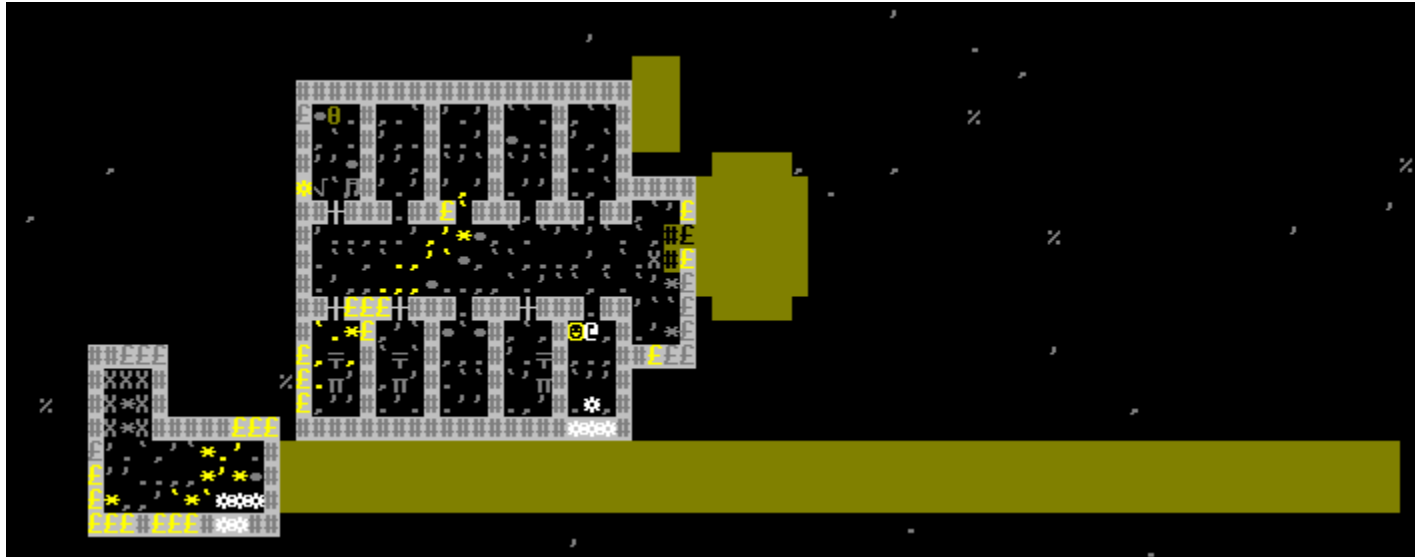
### ***19th Obsidian, Late Winter***

I've been too busy to make an entry. Soap operas don't watch themselves, baby! I want to be an actor someday. But right now, I'm an overseer of a whole fortress. That totally trumps a make-believe role. Booyah!

Strange, though - the miners STILL haven't built my room! I set a place to be channeled out so that we can have a waterfall in our dining room, too. But for SOME REASON nobody's finished that, either. What's worse is that Mastahcheese informed me earlier that my term is almost up. "Term"? "Term"? Baby, I've been here for less than half a year, what do you mean my term is up? Don't I get like four years, or somethin'? Come on, man. Not cool. Heck, I'm Tal Denber! I ought to have THREE terms! Twelve years, baby! But he says noooooo, it was in the contracts I signed, didn't I read them? I told him,

"Course I did, fool? What do you take me for?" Of course I didn't read the fine print, squinting's too much work. Bah, I should've been an actor.

Only half the bedrooms are done, we don't have any spare doors (and I'd rather go sober than make one myself), and my swimming pool froze over? Cheap-o knockoff... I'm sick of it. I'm walling it off. See if I care if we don't have any hot chicks come over next year. I'll just be sittin' in my room... Wait, what? My room STILL isn't finished?

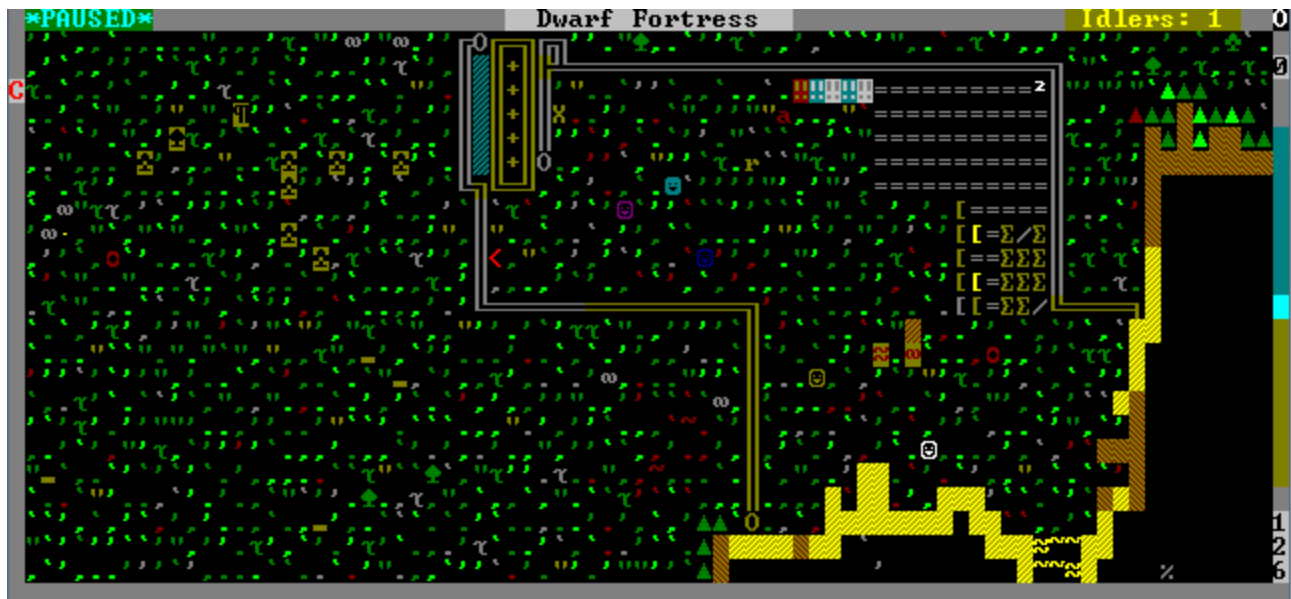


What's up with these people? They seem to be celebrating about how my term's almost up! Esther1 actually just threw a party celebrating it... IN MY DINING ROOM!  
Come on, guys... I'm the great Tal Denber! I love parties! What do they mean, I'm not invited! I practically INVENTED parties, baby! And they even got my name wrong on the banner. It's Tal Denber, not Tal Dander... What's up with that, man?

Maybe I'll just take a nap in my room. ... Oh, wait...

### ***1st Granite, Early Spring***

Well... This is it. I'm officially out of a job... again. Can't tell you how many times this has happened. I finally got my bedroom finished - had to get off my backside and dig it myself. No sooner had I stretched out on my bed than an angry mob came and pounded on my door. I remember when I was part of angry mobs... those were the days. Heck, man, I used to LEAD angry mobs, baby! But now I'm just a loner... My waterfall isn't even finished, and my swimming pool is empty. My shrine to Lady Liquor is gonna have to do without floors of gold. This sucks, man.



But what they don't know... is that the joke's on them... Chumps! Bahahaha, you thought you'd seen the last of me? Hell, no! I'm Tal Denber, baby! And you all can kiss my shiny dwarven backside! I'll be back - maybe a week, maybe a few years, but you can count on it! Booyah! And oh, guess what? I'm puttin' Sprin, the doc, in charge! He's mad as heck! You'll all wish it'd been me, but too late! Losers! It'll take more than a fortress to convince me to run this place again! Maybe a better bedroom... And a lifetime supply of fine wine, pre-aged a lifetime. Booyah, baby!

Hamlet Ugithgelut, "Necrothreat"				1st Granite, 252, Early Spring			
Animals Kitchen Stone Stocks Health Justice							
Created Wealth:		38600*?		Population:		22	
Weapons:		242*		Miners		2	
Armor and Garb:		None		Woodworkers		2	
Furniture:		7920*?		Stoneworkers		5	
Other Objects:		12700*?		Rangers		None	
Architecture:		10100*?		Metalsmiths		2	
Displayed:		7520*?		Jewelers		None	
Held/Worn:		63*		Craftsdwarves		1	
Imported Wealth:		50046*		Nobles/Admins		2	
Exported Wealth:		882*		Peasants		None	
Food Stores:		600?		Dwarven Childrn		None	
Meat		200?		Fishery Workers		2	
Fish		None		Farmers		4	
Plant		30?		Engineers		None	
Seeds		200?		Trained Animals		None	
Drink		100?		Other Animals		10	
Other		100?		Axe Lordes		None	
				Swordsdwarves		1	
				Swordmasters		None	
				Macedwarves		None	
				Mace Lords		None	
				Hammerdwarves		1	
				Hammer Lords		None	
				Speardwarves		None	
				Spearmasters		None	
				Marksdwarves		None	
				Elite Mrksdwrvs		None	
				Wrestlers		None	
				Elite Wrestlers		None	
				Recruit/Others		None	





See ya later, chumps! Bahahahahahaha!

## Chapter III

### The Rule of Sprin, the Mad Doctor

#### ***1st of granite***

Damn that danbar made me the current ruler... O well Time to get to work I will evict him from his home and make it my home and for the future overseers.

#### ***4th of granite***

We are making rock doors? Why? we dont need them of yet so ive ordered for some crafts made instead

#### ***9th of granite***

I've began a mass housing project of my own creation, each square has a small dining hall in the middle connecting the homes, quite genuise I think...

WAIT WE HAVE SEVEN FUCKING ANVILS!?

#### ***14th of slate***

Some migrants arrived, on a side note I've been trying to get us some hunters but no ones been building the crossbow workshop also we have a surplus of Spiked balls? Did danbar have some fetish or something? No matter more rooms are being dug now.

#### ***15th of slate***

Ester1 had a babie, I didn't catch the name but to be honest i didn't care I am too busy trying to get a metal industry up.

#### ***16th of slate***

BABIES MORE BABIES!!! WTF people ever heard of birth control!!

#### ***2nd of felsite***

O NO NOT A FORUMITE IN A "MOOD"!!

***3rd of felsite***

I am making a fancier bridge across the river the one we currently have looks like barf!

***4th of felsite***

BABIES!!!

***10th of felsite***

Our moody dwarf made an action figure!!

Some elves came and were releaved of goods

The trade depot is now a red so we can see it better

***3rd of malachite***

Some lagers got in and killed a dog wall the militia was "on break"...

***6th of malachite***

Masta cheese has been found dead!! the langers got him...

***8th of malachite***

Another corpse has been found nut I didn't catch the name, those langers are OP!!

***14th of malachite***

All langers are gone and some migrants have arrived, we lost three good men to the scourge!

***16th of malachite***

A minute man has bled to death... and someone is missing, we fear the worst...

***24th of malachite***

We found the missing militiaman! He's thirsty and in critical condition he still may not make it, I have began mass recruitment of doctors!!

***5th of galena***

We saved the missing minute man!! All thanks to me... well he is kinda missing a leg...

***16th of galena***

O ya... I forgot... Thread zombies...

***19th of galena***

HUMANS, o gods I cant believe I am happy to see em maybe they can kill our necro!!

***22nd of galena***

More dwarves in moods not what we need now!!!

***23rd of galena***

O my way home after dealing with thredromancers I found THREE DEAD BODYS!!!

***24th of galena***

During the confusion a troll made it off with a BABIE!!! HOW DID I MISS THAT!!!  
side note thanks to all the shenanigans we lost 15ish dudes...

***some date***

Danbur died... and about 50 other people to the langur... THIS PLACE IS FUCKING INSAIN!!! Good thing the hospital I finished, and I have been QUITE satisfied at work recently!!

***20th of limestone***

We are currently not dying so that is a good thing...

***21st of limestone***

I think we have a tantrum spiral going on...

***27th of limestone***

We are missing THREE PEOPLE!!! THIS PLACE IS HELL!!!

***3rd of sandstone***

Well FUCK IT WORLD THIS PLACE SUCKS ASS!! I am gonna find a way to kill myself so... ADEOS FUCKERS!! maybe someone can come with me....

***4th of sandstone***

What kind of doctor would I be if I didn't regenerate... FUCK!!

***5th of sandstone***

More people follow my lead and commit murder and kill themselves!!

***7th of sandstone***

I GIVE UP NEXT TURN!!!

*At this point of space and time, this is the current situation of the fortress*

1. Trolls got ALL THE WAY to the deepest part of the fortress.
2. We have a berserk farmer.
3. Apiks, Sprin, Ushiromiya and Tal Denber have all died.
4. Sprin reappropriated Denber's room as his own and redwarfed himself. Nobody else got redwarfed. (He reappropriated Denber's room before Denber even died, and left Denber without a room.)
5. Esther1 is the only survivor of this crazy half-year.
6. We're almost out of drinks.
7. We have four dwarves left outside with the bridge raised. Two of them are injured. EDIT: nevermind, 5 dwarves. One is in the river and missing a foot.
8. There are four dwarves in the hospital.
9. Sprin destroyed the raising bridge across the river and made it solid. Now we have no secondary line of defense from the north.
10. Almost everyone in the fort is unhappy. The rest are wounded, and a lot are both. (there are 29 people at the moment.)
11. There are bodies everywhere.
12. Sprin reappropriated my dining room waterfall drainage ditch and turned it into a hallway for bedrooms (I'm guessing those are bedrooms).
13. Hilariously, according to the logs, Sprin himself (mad doctor) went berserk and started killing everyone.
14. A lot of dwarves are throwing tantrums.
15. The bridge appears to be broken. I can't get it to lower.
16. We have eight coffins. We need 38.
17. Most of our beds weren't made into bedrooms. There's still a room shortage.
18. We have almost no doors anywhere.
19. Miasma. Lots of miasma.
20. Sprin forced Esther1 out of her room. No idea why.

21.Sprin destroyed the old dining room in favor of a smaller, unsmoothed one. What's the logic behind this, exactly?

22.Trade depot is destroyed, construction is suspended on a new one.

23.Our army is a mess. We have plenty of skilled soldiers, but none of them are in the army. The people in the army have no skill whatsoever.

Basically... the fortress is an absolute disaster/war zone. and this is only year 2. Actually, I don't know if it can even be salvaged. Seriously, it looks post-apocalypse. And we only got an ambush. Not even a siege. Just a troller ambush.

## Chapter IV

### The Rule of Misko, the Gold Rusher

#### ***6th of Sandstone***

Well, after our good friend the doctor decided the best medicine is fist applied directly to the forehead, they've decided to elect a new overseer. As the laziest among them, I've been unanimously elected to the position. Buncha bastards.

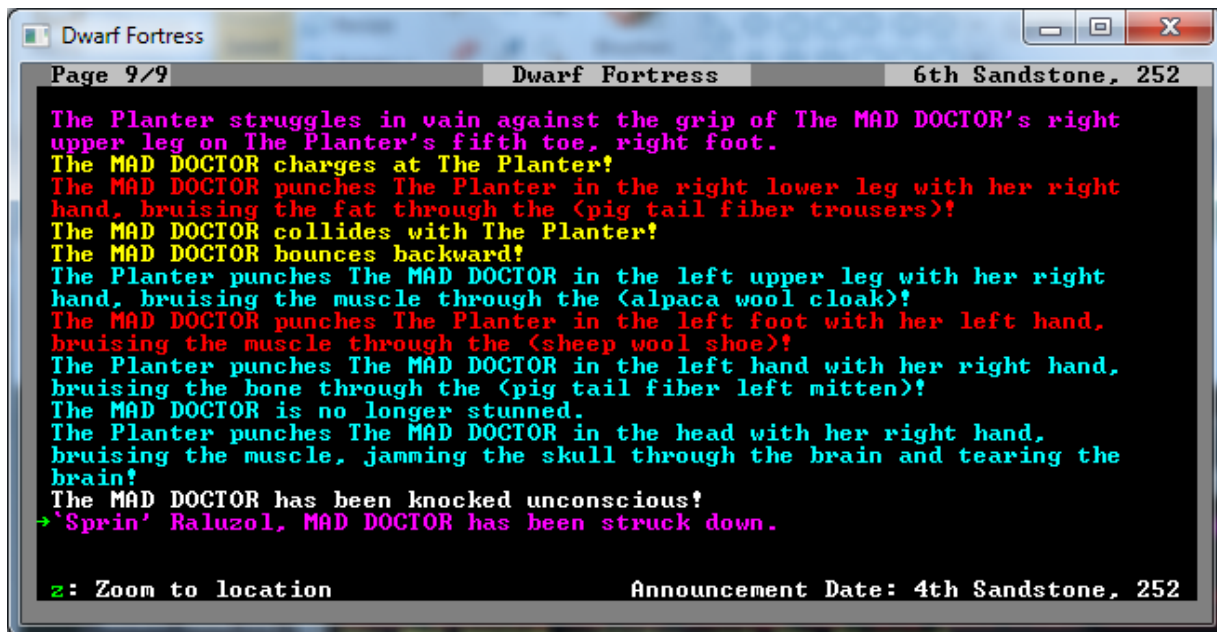
Well, I've decided to take a inventory of where we are. I don't actually know since I was napping on a bag of plump-helmets most days, and ignore what happens. Huh. I wonder if that's why I was called "the laziest Forumite I have, or ever will see, So long as the laws of nature remain in effect"... Nah, I was, "supervising" the plump helmets. Yeah, that's it. That's going on fort record too, so everyone knows 'bout my supervisions, and slander can be laid to rest.

Well, Looking over death records, the first 2 are of Giant Sponges. This is truly a cursed site, and all who remain here shall perish. This omen is more terrifying then anything I could have read. And I will be sure to cry on my plump-helmets later.

Looking over the fort, I see that there has been no production of Garb (That's what it actually says on the little thing), little in the way of weapons, and our largest industry is that of "other objects". I imagine some sort of criminal activities, so for now the official explanation will be one of speculation.

Oh, regarding the former good docter, a random planter smashed Sprin's skull with her fist, killing him. I don't understand so much here, it's just wow. How did I end up here? I'm currently operating under the assumption that this fort is a secret project to isolate and kill dangerous dwarves who manifest extreme physical abilities, and/or unwanted lazy people. That, or this place is just evil.





There is a startlingly large amount of dead bodies, and places exposed to the outside. I have ordered the bodies deep within the mountain, So no more corpses exposed, eventually.

For some reason there is a sad human and his pack mule staring confusedly at the busy forumites. Not entirely sure what to do with them.

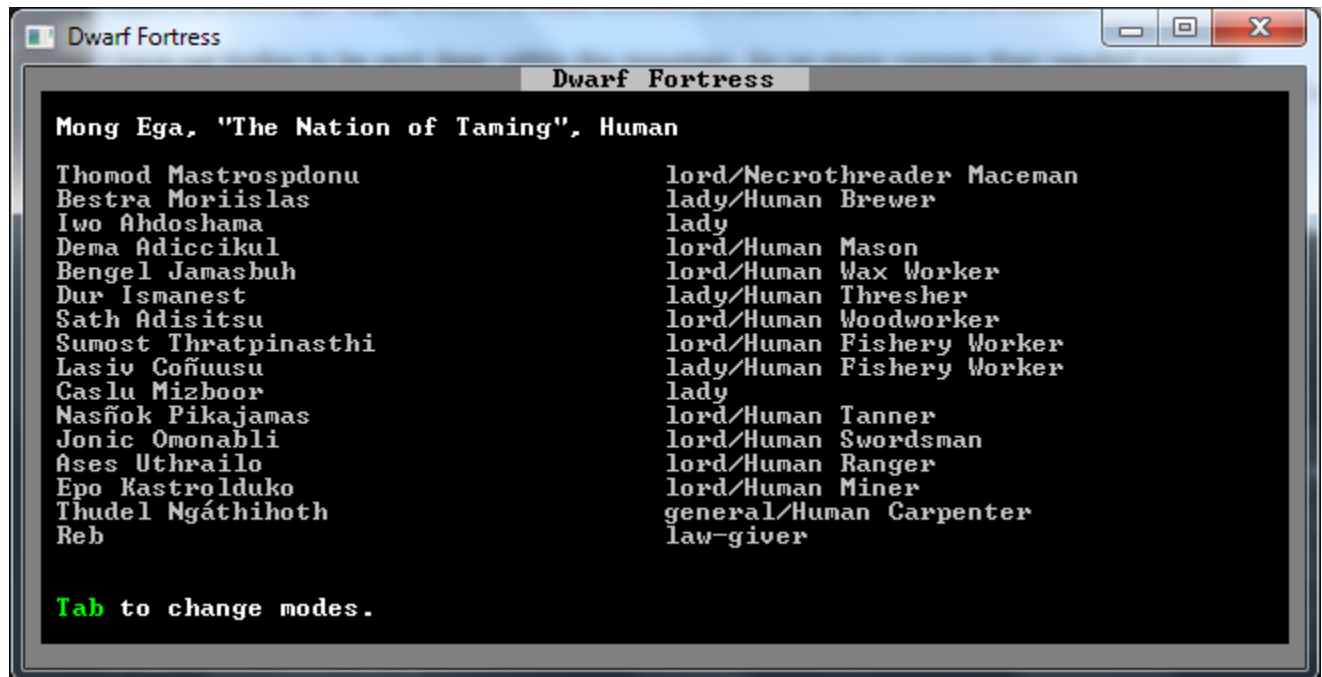


They're just enjoying the view.

Seriously though, It's not that bad. Sure, everyone is upset, but that can easily be fixed. Overall, It will

take a lot of work to get this fort up to speed, But I'm confident in my abilities. That said, I'm gonna catch a nap. Maybe the upset people need naps?

By the way



Is that a necrothreader Lord I spy?

Terrifying name for a civ, especially one that will cause us such grief.



---

*"This is a leather bound journal owned by BFEL, yadda-yadda why the hell do we put all this needless subtext at the start of all our books and journals?"*

***1st Granite or something, fuck if I know***

So this whole place is a disaster area, bodies strewn everywhere, rooms mismanaged, all sorts o fun stuff. Now I'm just a hauler, and my pappy was a hauler, and his pappy was a hauler, and his pappy was a hauler this continues for TEN pages

so in all that time we haulers see a lot of weird shit, and no I ain't talkin bout what Denber put in the farms for fertilizer. But anyhow in all this time of me, my pappy 10 more pages I ain't never heard o no sludge like this that I just found heres. It's all pink and squishy and it MOVES. Ah well, moved it into the damn stockpile.

***Later, still Granite or something***

You member that crazy muck I told you about? Well it up'n disappeared! Nobody seen it in days. I told the damned manager I carried the goop to the stockpile, and he better believe hes in for a fight if'n he tries to throw me in jail for violatin some haulin order. But thats not even the weird part. OH NO instead o this muck in the stockpile, they find this hairy forumite huddled in the barrel that sludge was in. Says hes a doctor. Well says isn't really the right word. More screamed directly into your eardrums. Ah well, crazy blighter can stay a crazy blighter for all I fuckin care."

---

***27th of Sandstone***

So, I started of my career as leader of this e\*\*ing hole in the ground, after a quick nap.

When I went out to go check how the cleaning was going, I was alerted that there was a axeforumite trapped outside, and a human merchant trapped inside. It was the random guy from before. Why was that guy still here? He said he can't jump 6 tiles. I told him to ride the mule over it. He told me that wouldn't work. Asshat, hasn't he seen it before while shooting falming deer with a axe crossbow? Oh wait, I was dreaming that. Well, I hope that having one survivor of a caravan is better then no survivors, We really don't need any more sieges at this place. Although, When the human tells them what transpired here, I dount anyone will want to siege this e\*\*hole.

When I open the bridge, more forumites then I expected come rushing in, especially given I expected only one. Why did no one tell me about the others? I send people to go rescue the injured, which is exactly when the bridge is retracted. What idiot did that? I don't know; I don't think any dwarf in the mountain knows. Well, fortunately no one got hurt, but one of the human's two remaining guards (who

were standing outside, waiting dutifully) fell down. I hope that was't a rental guard.



Seems like he can swim. Well, since I don't have anyone who particularly cares to help him out, I guess he'll be guarding our moat now. He doesn't seem to mind. Probably more interesting then that merchant anyway.

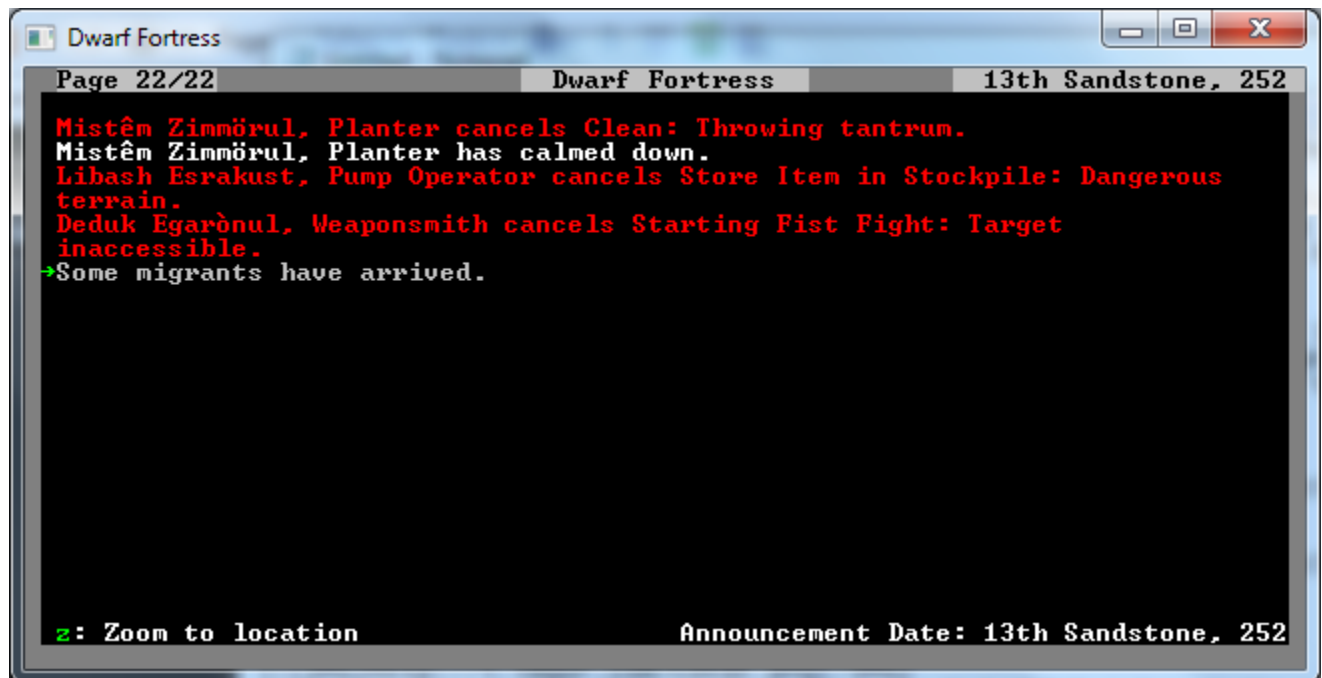
I set up a corpse disposal area, deep in the ground so no one will smell them. Anyway, A planter was beating on some bastard we pulled out of the dirt who also called himself Sprin (who woulda guessed?) When I get a message:



That the so often mentioned caverns, I wondered? I think I heard about those. See, I was sleeping in a bar once, and these guys came in at some point, and when I woke up, they were talking to this other guy about these deep dark caverns and all the stuff that goes on in there. Something about giant skinless cat shooting webs and hissing at pond-grabbers. No clue what those are either. Anyway, I thought they were myths. There's a deep dark downward passage just beyond where our scouts ventured, but I'd rather leave that alone.

Anyway, while I was looking around, I realized I have no clue where the fuck anything is. Hell, I've been here the entire time, and yet all I know is that first I was sleeping on sand for a while, then I wasn't, then it smelled like something died, and then someone decided to punish me by making me Overseer. I bet I'm not even on fortress records.

Hey guess what? There are retarded people who think this is great fort to live. Yeah, I know. You want proof?



Fecking. Migrants. HOW THE [area smudged] DID THEY GET PAST THE [area blacked out] DEMONIC SPAWN OF HELL? THEY HAVE PASSPORTS OR SOMETHING? DID THEY KINDLY ASK: "Dear sir, can we please pass by your passing siege?".

Well, I suppose it's something to help increase the workers numbers. The approaching migrants were confused to see anyone living here at all, let alone supposedly civilized people. They were even more confused when we claimed we controlled this land. I am meself, but if I were ever honest to the people here about what I think they'd be very upset. As in even more upset. And they might overturn our plump helmet stockpiles, and that's bad for misko.

We appeared to have attracted a large ranger population. They made up more then 50% of the new wave. I don't understand what the Home page is trying to say. I think they expected there not to be anything left here, and are trying to start a new settlement. Considering there is a farmer, a miner, and a single fisherman, this may actually be the case. This does not bode well, given news of our troubles (yeah, let's use nice words like that} hasn't spread.

Looking through records, I figure there might have been some Giant Langur troubles before I took over. The last four deaths on record are those. And there's langur blood everywhere (you can tell because it smells a lot like cat blood). I wonder why I never noticed. Must've been how they look a awful lot like everything else here. Death. While looking at that, I wonder why there is a male skin listed as deceased. That's literally all there is on report. "Male skin". I decide I don't really want to know; about either the skin or our record-keeper.

A few days later, our remaining professional mason goes mad as I discovered we have no metal works (turns out we do, hard to find shit here) . Good thing someone else did. I also start getting reports that people are missing. I don't really what to do about that, but I assume they're already dead. We find them soon after though, so all good. Not for them, since they're dead, but still. Good to have corpses in coffins instead of piles for once.

Arising as if to illustrate why it's good, The Ghost of the Toady one rises from his corpse a day later. I tell the Archiver, Esther1 to write down that "Life sucks, and Unlife doesn't look too much better, so go to Armok as you should already", and to put this message in his corpse's body, and then go tell a priest to exorcise him. She tells me we have no priests, or paper, or coffins, and his body is in water; moreover she is a dwarf and incapable of such flowery writing. I tell her this does not concern me, and that I have full confidence in her abilities to do so, including putting the message on the floating body. Sure as hell not ME going down there.

### 28th of Timber

Jesus, more tantums? Why won't you guys just do your damn work? Anyway, looking over a medical dwarf, I realize that He willingly admits to having killed a forumite recently. We need a justice system, lest more murderers go free. Dungeon time!



In order to make things make more sense, I've assigned Esther1 to both Moderation and Banning duty. She espressed displeasure at this, in the form of shouting "do I not look busy enough sifting through these corpses?" but She eventually agreed. I've also transferred her to better accomadations, by which I mean accomadations. Huh, Did not know we had those. need to get myself one of those soft beds.

A "better rest" program has been instituted to increase morale, rooms have increased in general furnishment.

The moderation team has been created. It is composed of nobles. They have weapons. (what have I done?)

Progress on both the cage traps on the entrance and on more coffins is slow, due to people being injured and such. Hell, I imagine that if this fort wasn't composed almost entirely of migrants and the mad, we'd all be dead. As of right now, there are too few dwarves for a proper tantrum spiral. BTW, the manager is going tantrummy. Why can't it be the less useful forumites?

I decided to organize a thrips hunt, to bring levity to our problematic situation. We have a awfully large population of thrips people near our entrance, and they're scaring the bejezzus out of anyone near by.

The manager has been accused of murder by the admin. The manager is a member of the Moderation Team. The manager decides to undo my order for execution. I send a select order out to hunt him down to loyalists. The admin follows my order and beats him to death in the dining room. Jesus.

Jesus, the thrips flew over the walls and have entered the fort. The military is hunting them down though.

And then, Merchants! we have no depot, so a temporary one is built inside the walls. They have lolcats and courage wolfs, so I hope to have to breed some guards.

With the death of the manager, I realize we have 3 nobles in total. Esther1 is assigned various position, including CMD, and Banhammerer. She is not happy. However, after having fulfilled her new room requirements, she has begrudgingly accepted. Oh, BTW, did you know she has 2 daughters? I did. Only one is still alive though.



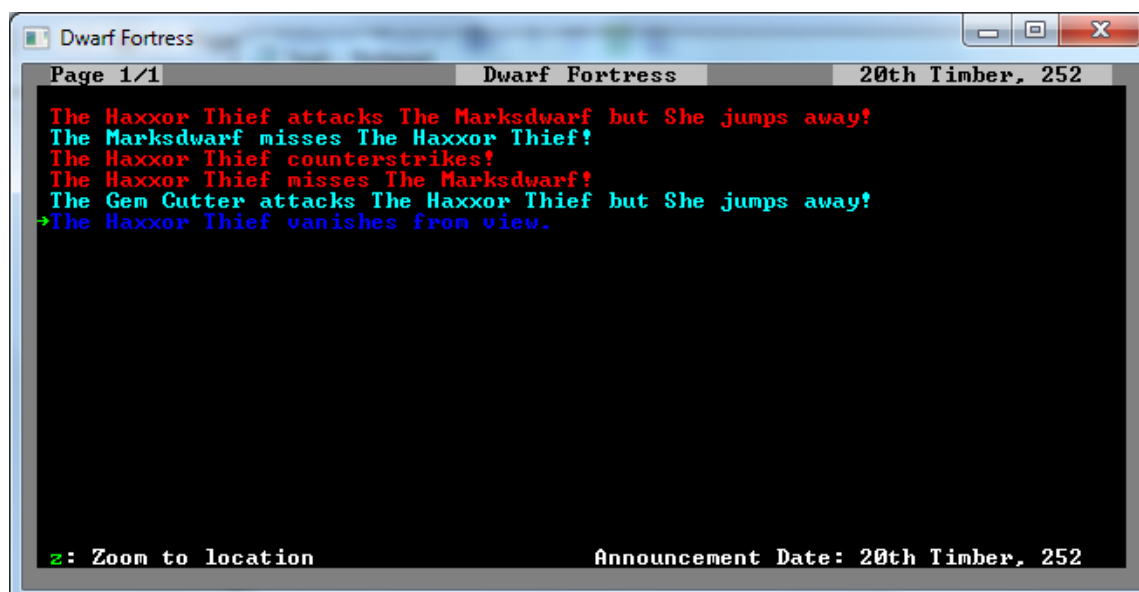


More ghosts, and the Trade depot is still not finished. On the other hand...



Apparently a haxxor spawned near the heavily guarded forum caravan. LOLLOL I33t haxx0r n00b. Troll snatchers appear in less retarded places 9though not all of them, one is on the other side of the river.) and attempt to take the fort entrance. A Haxxor shows up beyond the entrance. dafuq. Creating a backup militia, I realize over half the fort has mad-leet Fighting skillz. WHY U NO TELL ME?

The trolls are killed, but the Haxxor disappears from view. I'm completely serious, thats actually what what they told me :



Unsure what or how to react, I station a squad near the entrance to ward off further attacks. The haxxor reappears slightly deeper into the fort. She disappears soon after. A troll thief is seen approaching from the north, and a badger attacks our hammerdwarf in the field. dafuq. Tired of this, I order everyone into a single station near the entrance. The troll is taken down, and the hammer dwarf bravely strikes down the badger.

The thief is still somewhere...

### ***17th of Opal***

It only just struck me how little we have in way of set up indoor facilities. The military is based outdoors on a armor rack. I seriously need to fix that.

Part of the river froze today, Booze production has been ramped up in anticipation.

The badger hunt succeeded, all badgers have met with death, including the one who attacked the hammerformite earlier. I just found out that hammerforumite was mastahcheese. I learned this when I discovered what blood the badger was covered in.

The depot was not finished in time, and merchants have left.

(A CMD started beatin gon someone here, I didn't take pictures so instead I have this.



## POLICE MEDIC

He'll beat you to health with his magic wellness stick

)

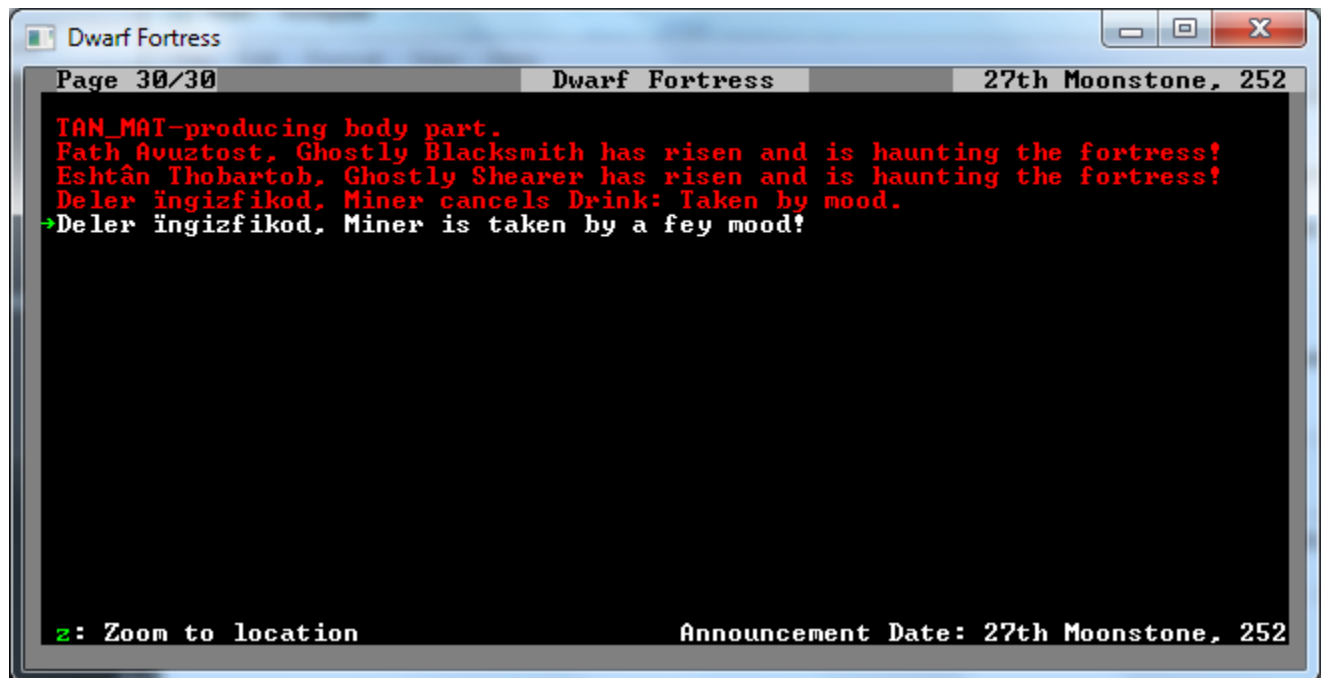
Our friend the Mad Mason of Necrothreat has decided to finally keel over, and did so on the stone pile. The new mason shat herself.

The fort has begun to calm themselves. Forumites have begun to calm. The scars will heal. Except the blood and bodies, but thats decreasing too. I'm hopeful.

Moreover, I'm worreid about the state of the entrance. The infiltration of the fort by the haxxor worries me. Can they fly? I think not. In anycase, animals are being put in the front to facilitate detection.

Ghosts Ghosts Ghosts. This is seriously pissing me off, Mass slabbings are ongoing.

A woodworker goes batty, but but not in the way were they try to kill me.

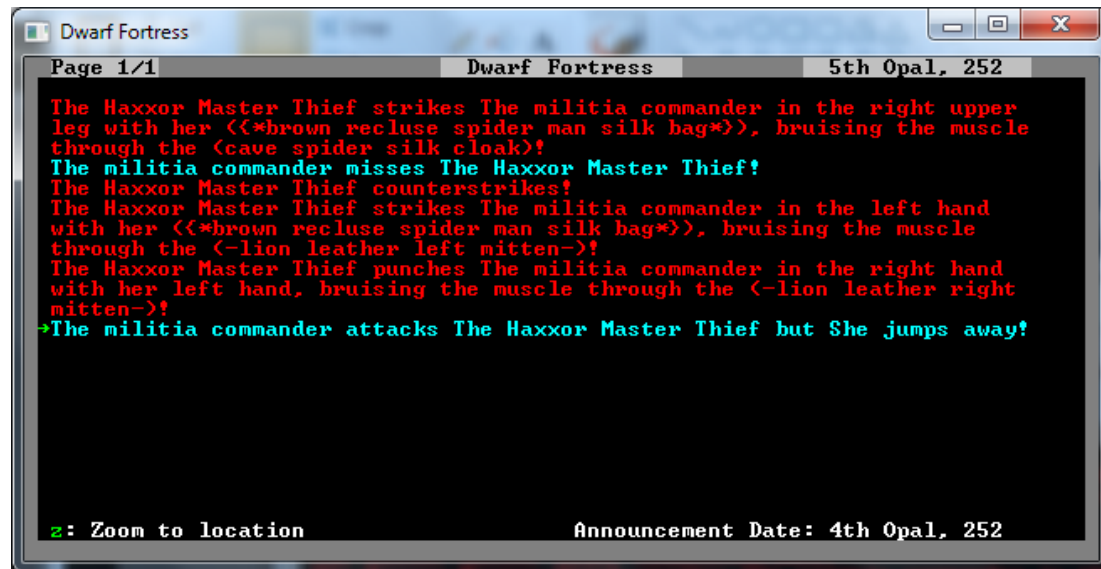


He runs off to a carpenters shop and starts collecting wood, gold and stone. Hey, that reminds me, I need moar gold.

The entire river has frozen, and we have no booze. Shiiiiit. Brewing has finally commenced, so I hope we can avoid more deaths.

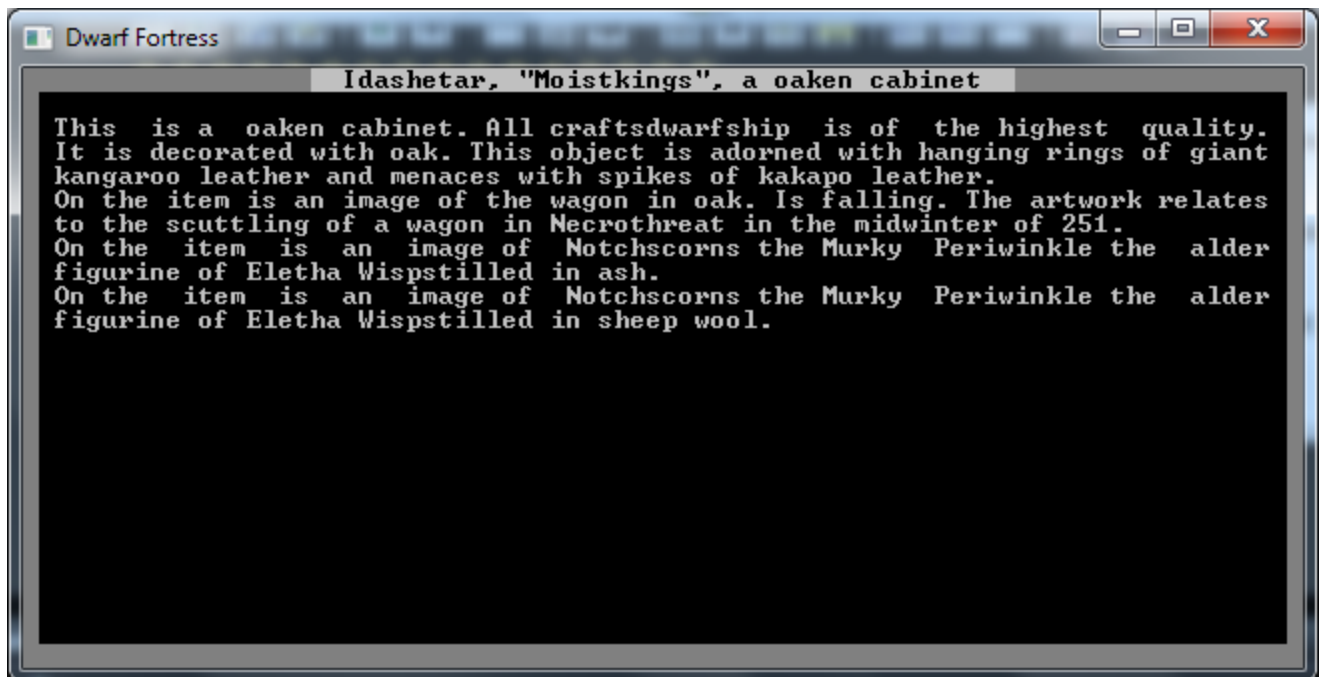
Jesus, the more I look through this fort, the less I want to deal with it over the next year. Everything is everywhere else. I'm just trying to keep them all alive right now.

Haxxor showed up next to militia. It was amazing. It managed to strike the militia commander 4 times before running off. She never got a single shot off



God, If we were to mee these monsters in a actual engagement, we'd be slaughtered. I'm even considering use of the "Danger room method", one I highly disapprove of, just to keep tabs on these beasts. I mean seriously. That scares me.

The woodworker has started her construction. I swear, if she makes some useless piece of crap that just increases this forts value, She's getting thrown into the pit with the moat guard.

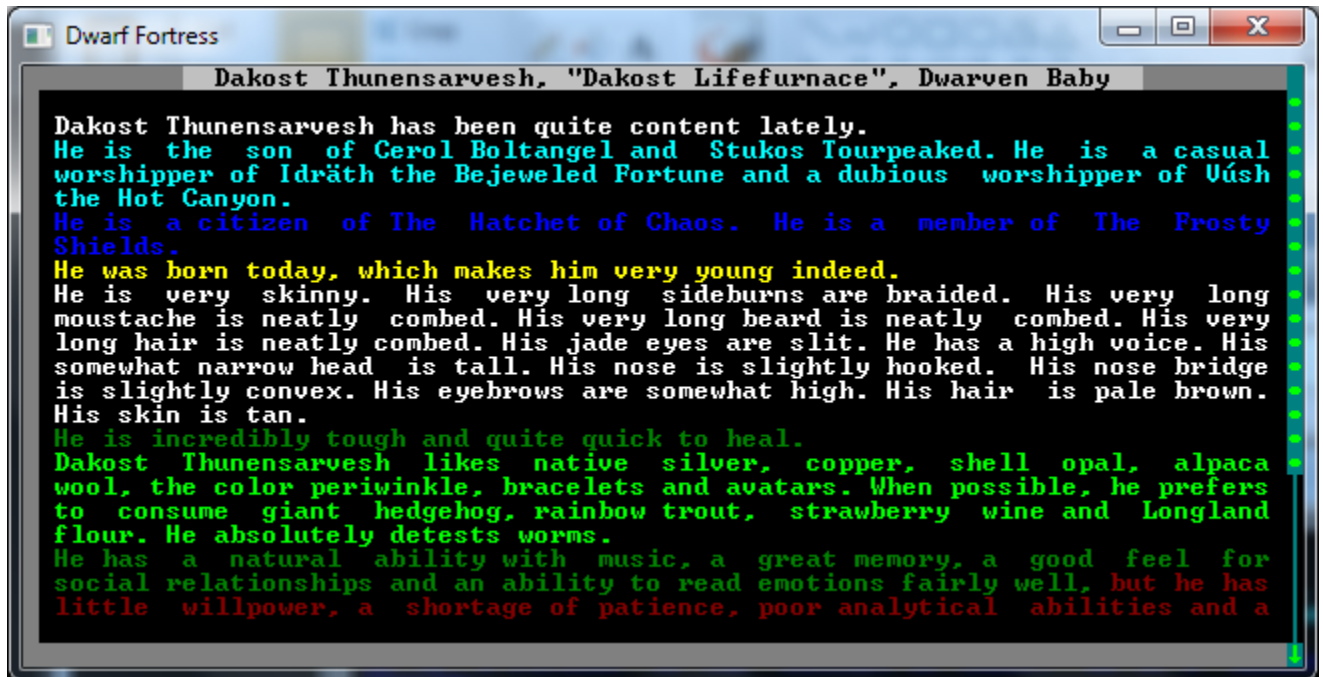


Well, at least its a cabinet. Would put this in my room, but I need a room for that, hmm.

### 1st of Granite

Well, I've finished Sprin's term as Overseer. Here's a recap.

A marksdwarf gave birth today. I suppose that's good, assuming we can keep them away from the Haxxors grubby hands.



A wild boar person hunt was organized right as another snatcher was seen. She punched the newborn then disappeared. She grabs the baby from the marksdwarf then disappears. Somehow, the military is still capable of sensing he is here, even as the newborn is carried off the map.

Following the request of some of the dwarves, I have not slabbed my friend Toady.

Little else has happened, and Spring strikes.

### 16th of Slate

Well, It's already started warming here, I suppose it doesn't freeze for long.

Another birth. Jesus, What the hell?



Went over the military scheduling today, hope to fix it up. I ca't tell you how many forts haven't gone over their scheduling. Mostly because I wasn't awake when I was at those forts. I need a nap.

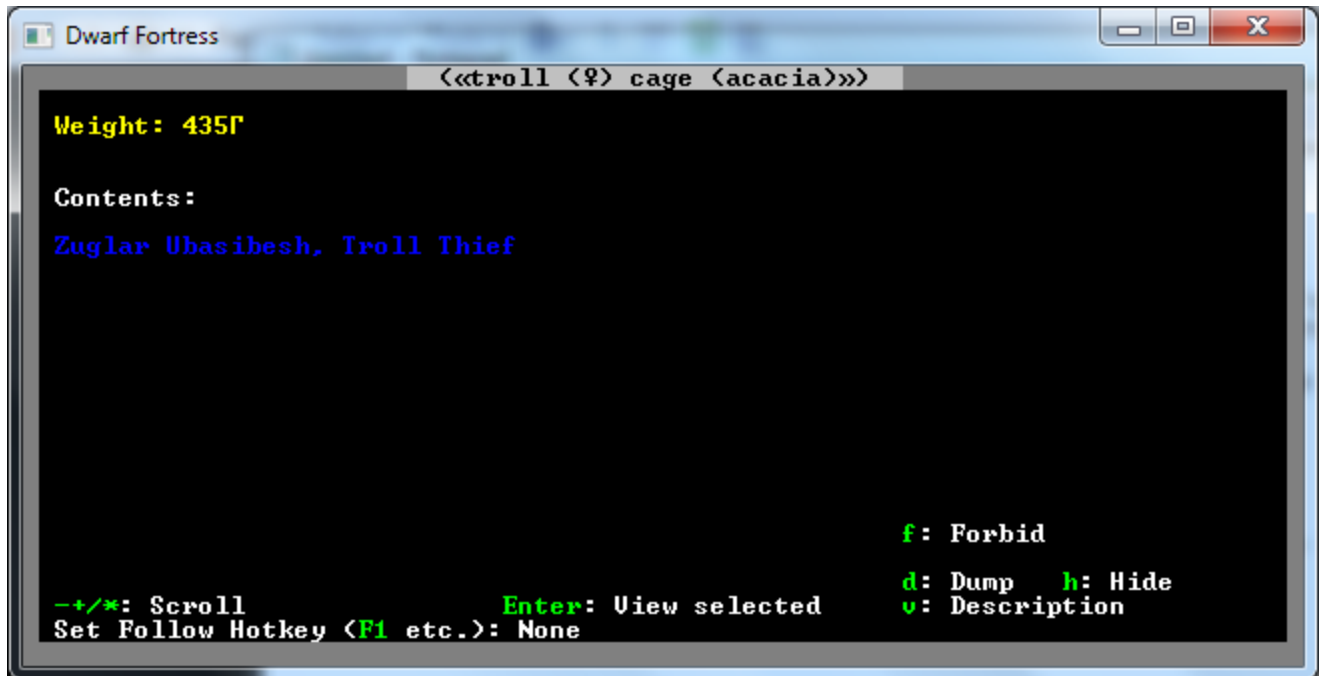
Anyway, Today a fisherforumite ran over to the river. At the time it was frozen, so I was curious to see what he was planning. Right as he got there, it unfroze. Psychic bastard.



Here it is partially unfrozen.

I was disturbed to learn that I am not being let off my sentence, and I will still have to serve as overseer. Balls.

MUAHAHA! FINALLY CAUGHT ONE OF THOSE SNEAKY BASTARDS!



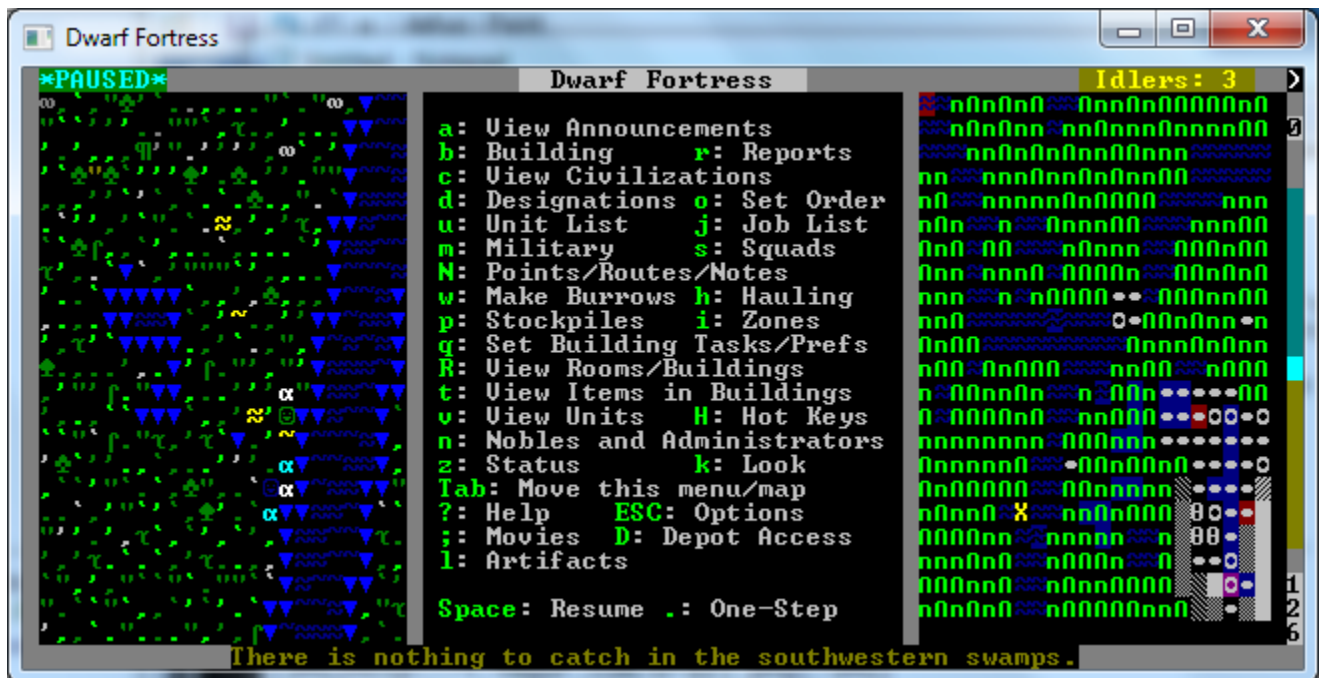
Sure its not a Haxxor, but It won't stop me from drssing it up like one and dropping it into magma. hmm, no magma. In any case, I alerted the military of possible snatcher activity. A goblin is caught as well, but we see no further attacks. I hae installed a few war dogs, so no more damn haxxor will be finding their way in the fort.

During this I noticed that Mastah cheese is still on duty, despite multiple severe injuries. While I admire his dedication to duty, it decreases efficiency. He won't hear of it, however.

God, I'm just not sure what to do about this stockpile and workshop nightmare. Frankly, I'm not even going to tr to fix it, I'm just going to deal with it as best I can till I can pass this off on some unwitting fool.

Too many fishers, not enough craftsman. Story of my life. On the other hand who wants calamari?





Liason meeting is finally over, and here are the results.



Fascinating. I suppose I'll need these.

Metal is going slow, realized we haven't any charcoal so I haope to get enough to soon get some metal armor.

Put a few to rest, caught a goblin or 2, nothing interesting.

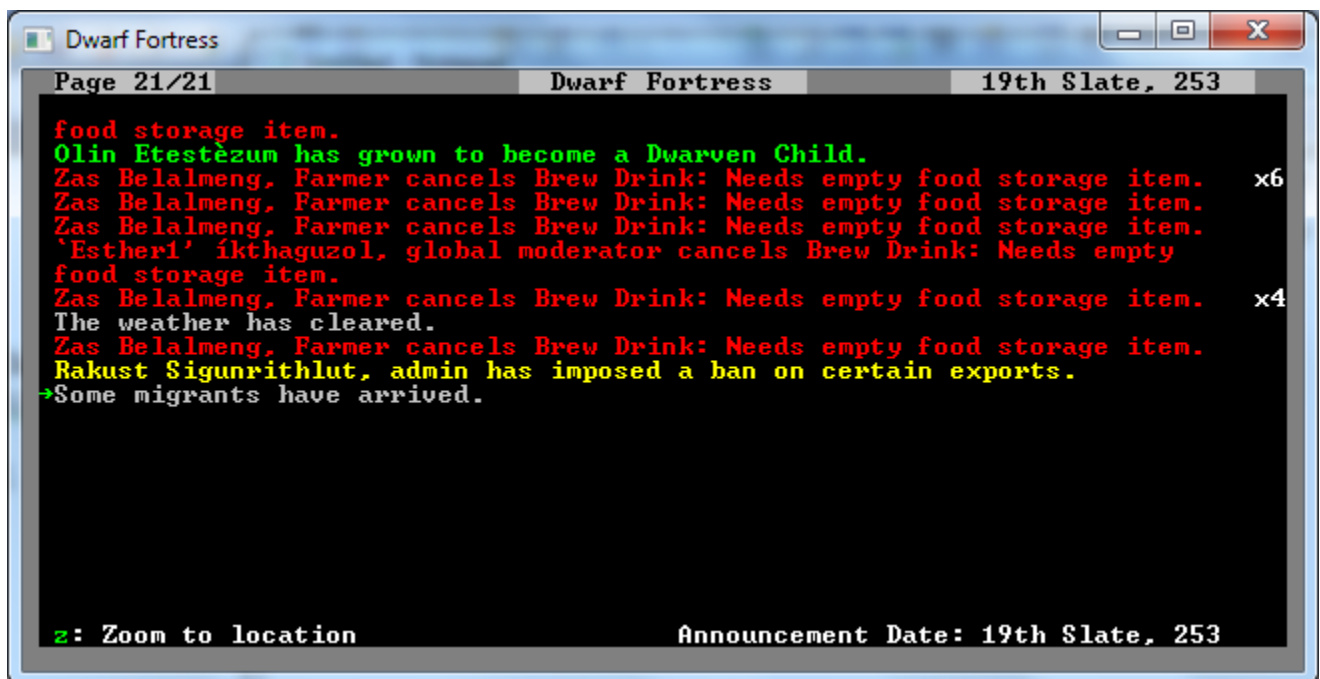
For reasons beyond my understanding, a couple of dwarves were stranded on the far side of one of the rivers.

A dissector withdraws from society, At this point all I want is fewer dissecters, so as long as he doesn't make "HungryBarrel, The fish of Reckoning, a prepared fish", I'll be happy to see it.

A baby grew to be a Child. Good for him.

We finally got to those poor saps on the other side of the river. They were happy to see us, and came bearing fish. They had spent alot of time fishing.

We have more retards, arriving express from the capital as per my request. Except I ordered no migrants.



We have a absolutely huge wave, bringing us to 68 dwarves. well, I gues rebuilding commences then. The military will be getting a increase

I have decided to put myself officially on record, because I could really use a bed. I will be a individual known as Fikod Lancerscales, a milker. I don't know much about milking, but I know I could probably Do

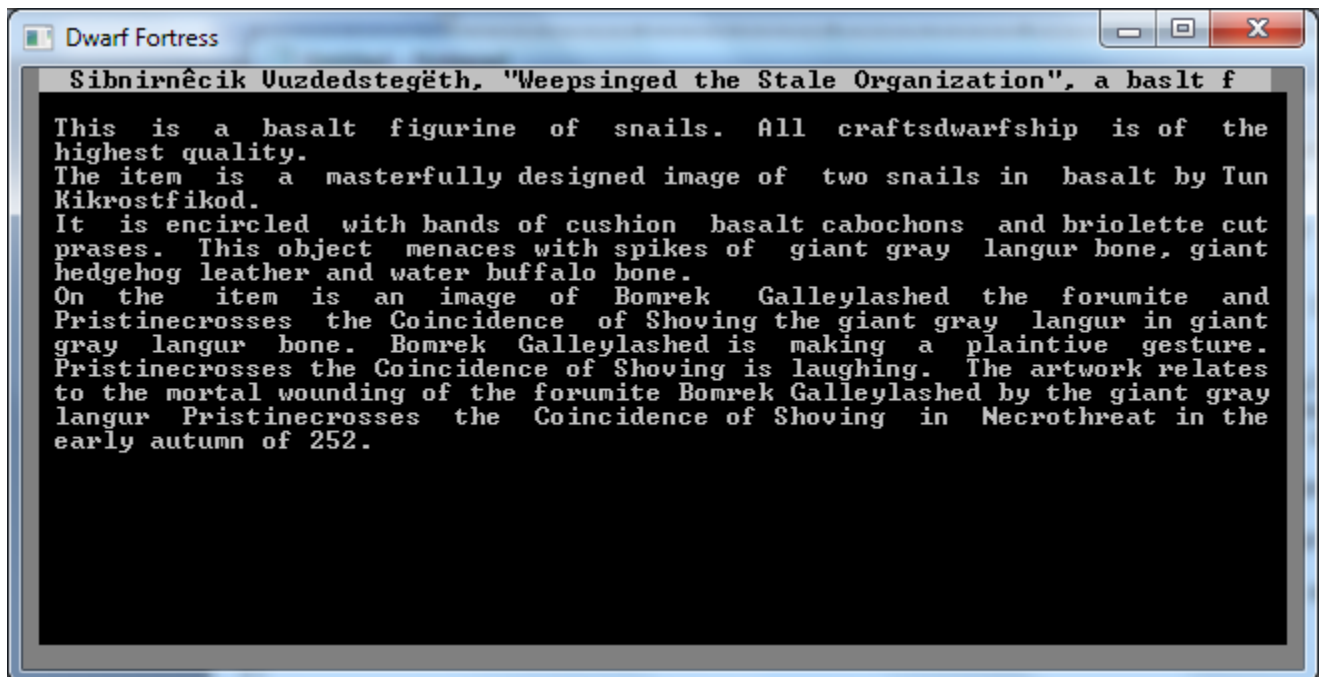
it. I should probably enlist in the military, since I'm a little fat. I've noticed some ability with a axe, so I suppose I will use that.

our friend mister secretive has started on his construction. I wonder what that will be?

Barrels, We need barrels. And doors. Masons and carpenters are working non-stop.

Thrips people are annoying, military playing sad game of cat and mouse.

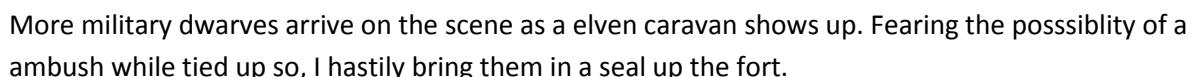
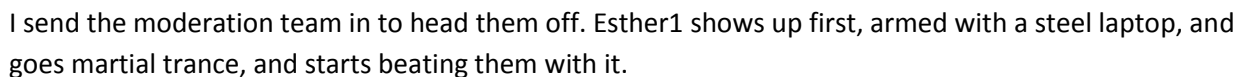
Bastard is done with his Artifact.



I will punch him. At least he's not a dissector, anymore.

It occurs to me that our hammerdwarves have few hammers. As I attempt to rectify this, I realize i don't know what a banhammer is, nor what its made of.

I decided to open up the caverns when a herd of drunians came nearby. I sent the military after them, but they beat me to it and started attacking a dog. Since members of the military where engaged in trips fighting a breach into the fort occurred.



Esther1 bleeds to death as they gang up on her. Both members of the family are now dead, only their child remains. She gave her life in order to preserve the life of these citizens. Her sacrifice will not be in vain.

A Necrothreader snatcher has showed up. It lit a lot of things on fire then disappeared. No clue what's going on here. In other news this fort is now surrounded by legions of Giant Magpies and Grey Langur people. Why does all hate this fort?

The Grey langur people attack our entrance, but lagging members of the militia are near and manage to push them back, but some start returning from the dead. A number of the remaining things in our outdoor refuse pile reanimate. I attempt to regain control, and a giant toad is attacking a marksdwarf deep in the fort I No Know why.

Most of the undead outside are killed, save for a random boar arm scaring those who would remove refuse, and the toad is dispatched. The fleeing elven merchants are also killed. Not getting away with the supplies THIS TIME.

Right now we're focusing on moving the large amount of newly created refuse deep in the fort. Banhammers are apparently made of stone.

This debacle has reduced us to 50 dwarves, mostly military. I worry about the future. Mainly, we're going to need to get rid of fishers, and start turtling.

*"OH, ARMOK RUN. IT HAS HOOVES!"*



## 5th of Malachite

Well, I Decide it's time to get this fort ready for a major military conflict. I just want the military to be strong enough to last until someone thinks of a better solution.

Well, Right now, I divide tasks into 2 groups: Fix the obvious glaring holes in defense, and move towards greater industrilization. Industrilization requires wood, And I have to say, I'm stuck between a rock and hard place with that one. Choice one: Outside, where the snatchers are. Choice 2?

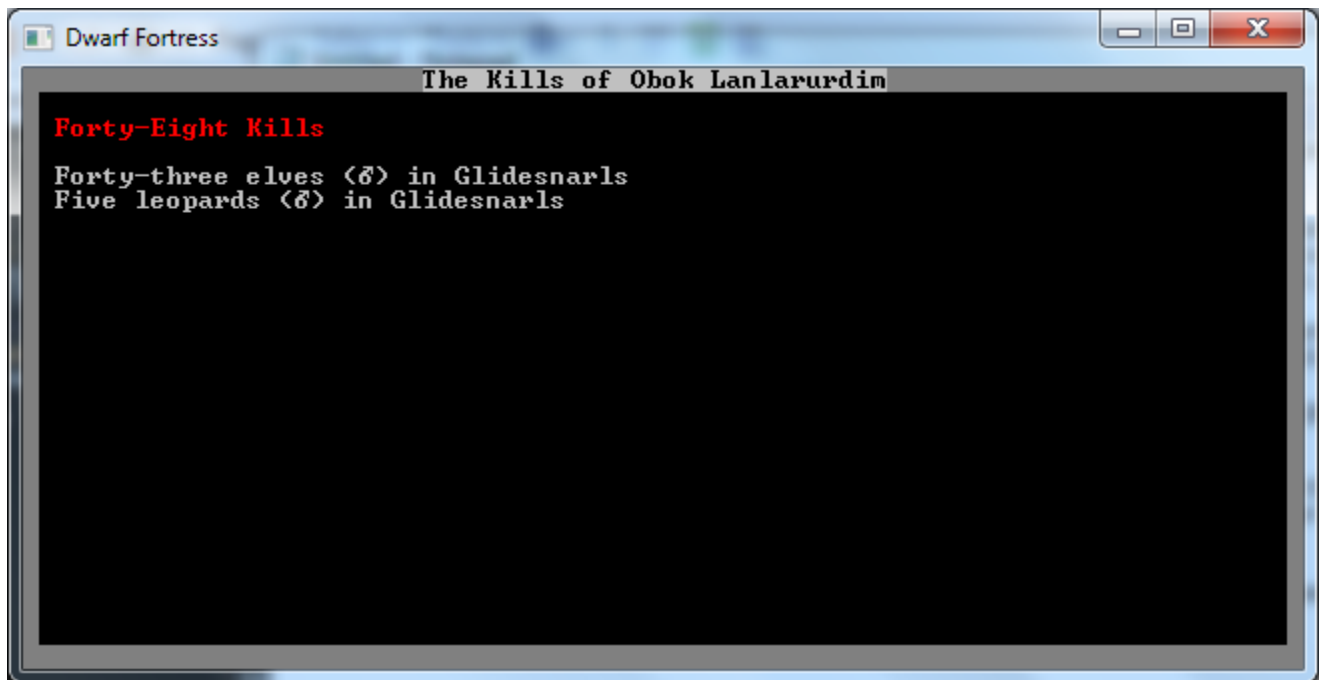


By the by, That's all gold in that picture. We have a masive amount of gold in this fort, so much I haven't been able to smelt even a fraction of it. Frankly, our only metals at this point are gold and copper. Rose gold megaproject in the works? Only time will tell.

Other problems include the LOS necro problem, where a necro can get on the hill and raise all the corpses in our yard, and the Dreaded Caverns, which are currently unguarded.

To help increase morale, a project has been suggested by one of the less Sane council members, a "BFEL" Birdstowers. She says we should build a great big tower and fill it with corpses. I wasn't entirely sure how to respond, but construction builds character, so I let her do it.

You know, looking over the citizenship records here, I'm surprised by the numbers of killers we have here. A few examples:



Killed 43 males elves did ya? Uh, okay. Are we at war with the elves or something? Not to my knowledge. They seemed friendly as the zombies surrounded them, and when in the chaos our best dwarves ran after them to cut them down and steal their stuff, they didn't take it too hard. Elves are weird.

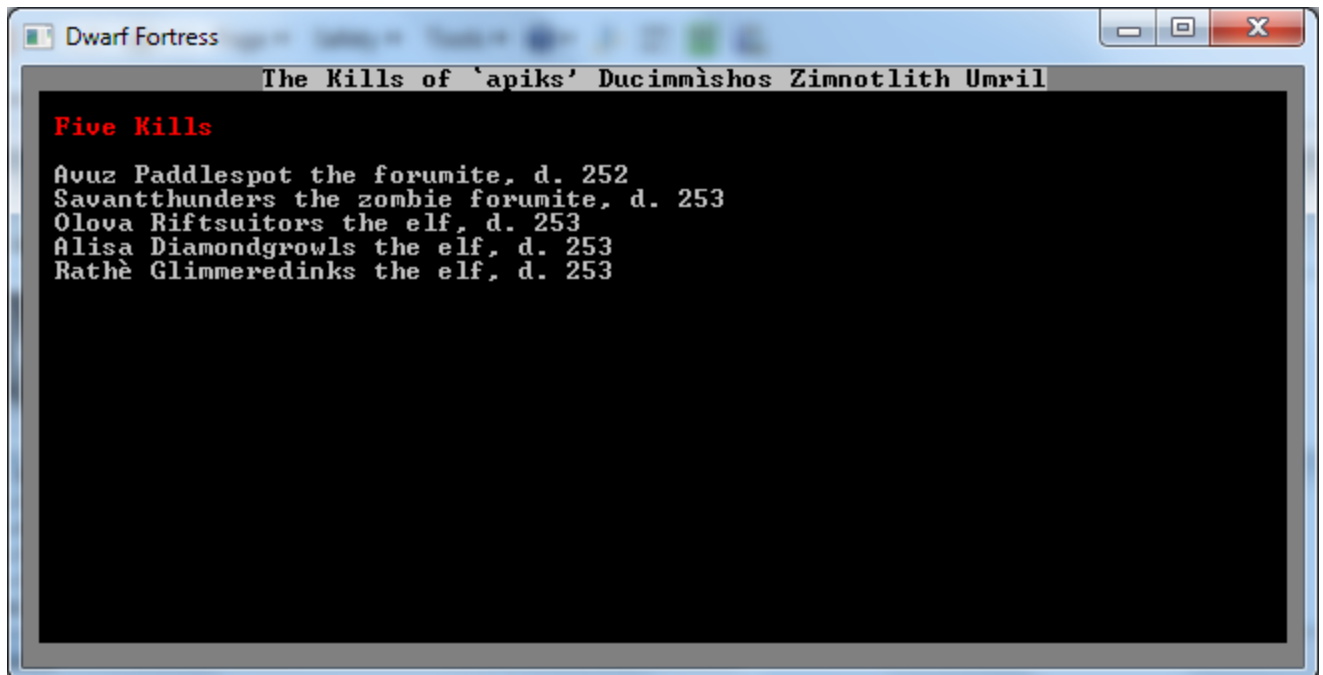


Our esteemed mayor...



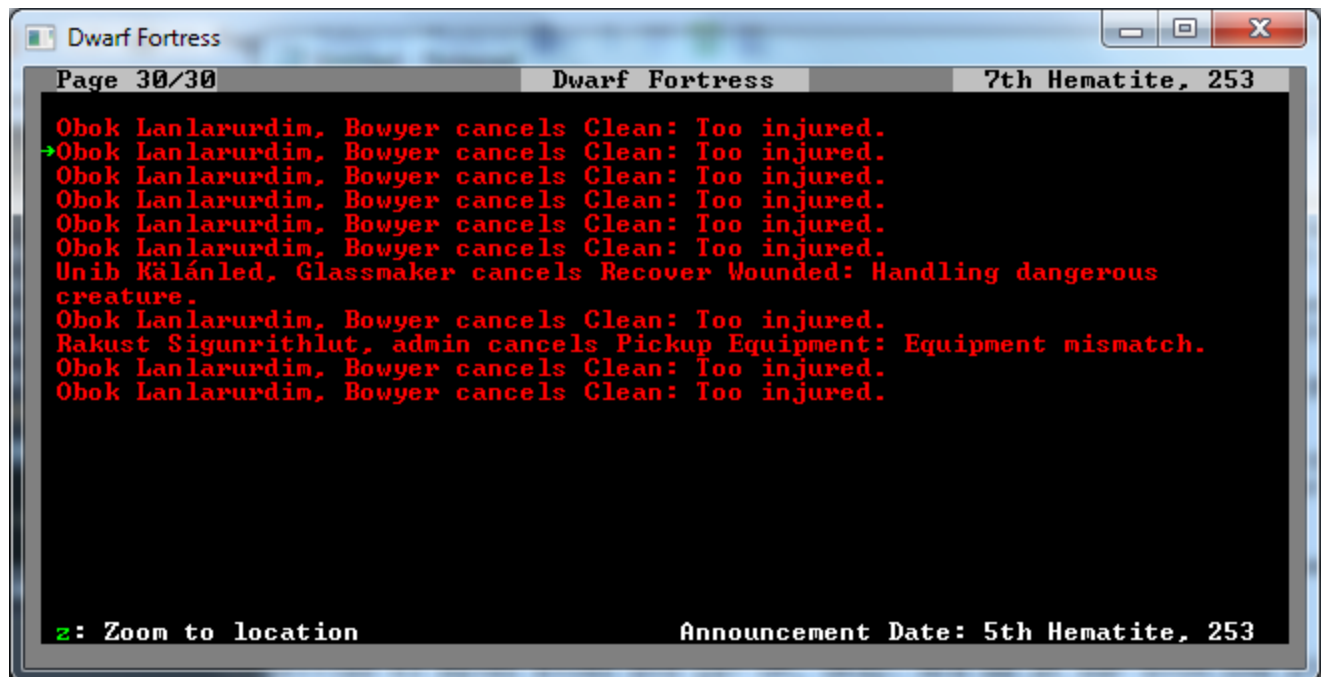
And his lovely wife. Who, might I add, is also of Snail artifact figurine fame.

Here is our Militia commander, who recently took on the name of her dead lover to aid her in battle.

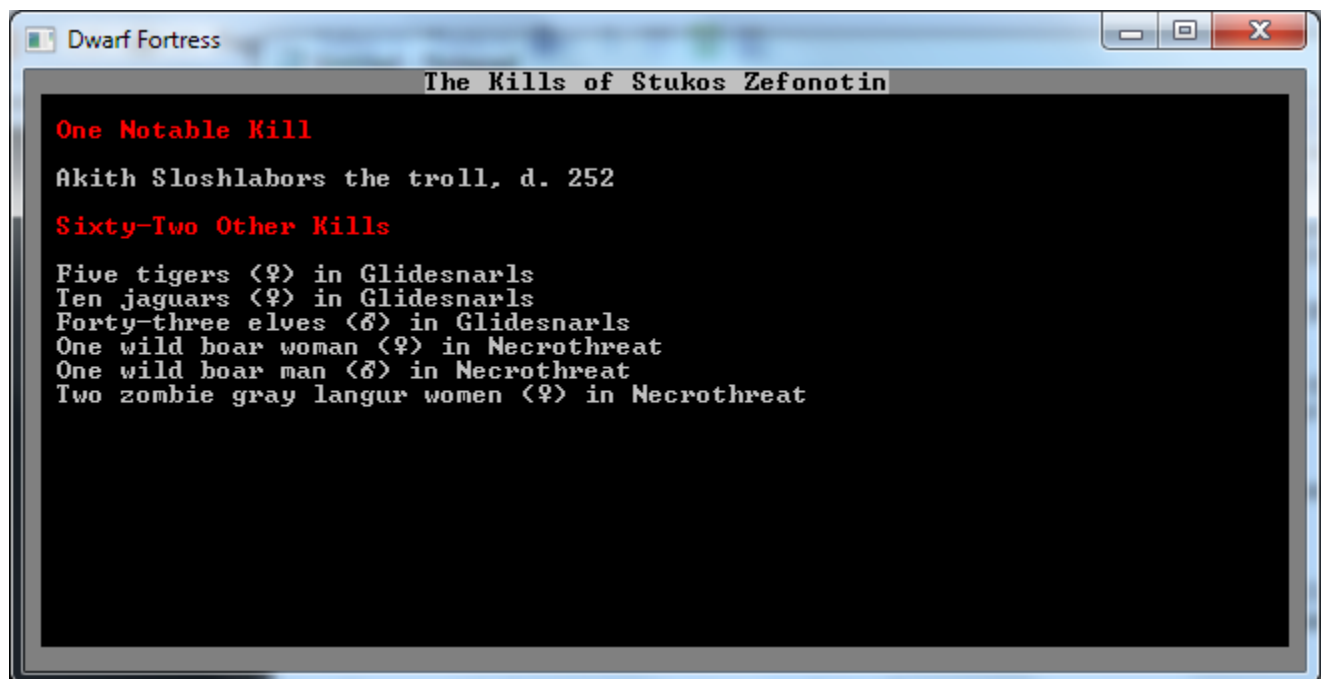




I was wondering who killed that guy. I suppose I can let it slide. But who to pin the murders on?

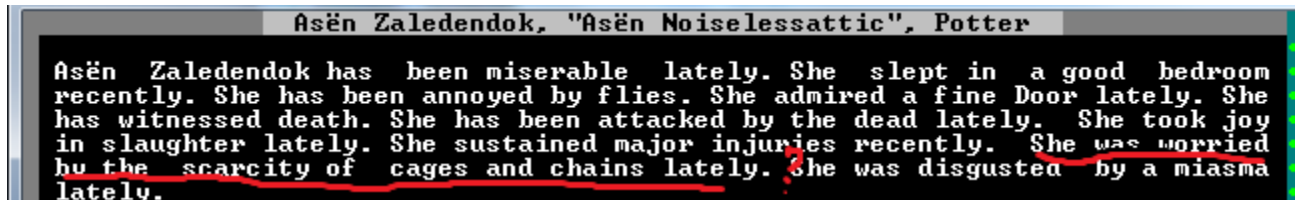


Do me a favor and die will you? Look, you're not getting time off, either hurt yourself more, or get over it.



Was there a Large cat and elf shooting range up in GlideSnarls?

Efforts to deforest continue. I expand smelting and general metal-working capabilities. Efforts to increase general living standards continue.



Asen Zaledendok, "Asen Noiselessattic", Potter

Asen Zaledendok has been miserable lately. She slept in a good bedroom recently. She has been annoyed by flies. She admired a fine Door lately. She has witnessed death. She has been attacked by the dead lately. She took joy in slaughter lately. She sustained major injuries recently. She was worried by the scarcity of cages and chains lately. She was disgusted by a miasma lately.

Seriously, what? You want a prison or something? She doesn't like chains, so I have no clue how this is manifesting. BTW, guess what she has in her kill count? if you said a number of large cat kills in a multiple of 5, you'd be right.

Troll attack, cavern-dwelling. Miner was in the area, ran over and beat it. Bunch of others showed up and did the same thing. At this point, it occurs to me that The main problem afflicting our armed forces is lack of weapons. I set out for some copper ones, at least until I melt down the goblinite. Right now we're using it in its raw form. Oh, and the marksdwarves joined and beat it with their laptops. It was a sad picture, I'll tell you. Especially when they started biting it. On the plus side, they' got some good fighting experience.

I decided that, since we lack bolts, we may as well use bows. I've set up a bow-squad to this effect. Its hard finding the former-marksdwarves, since they don't want to join a bow squad, and while I don't blame them, It is vital for the fort. In addition, a Zombie-only Force will be created, soon as I get the materials.

Many are upset, but there has been no tantrumming. Tension bubbles below the surface. I can only hope our luck holds out a bit longer, till people start to forget our losses. There is one exception, a angry ghost who possessed someone into tantrumming, but that doesn't count.

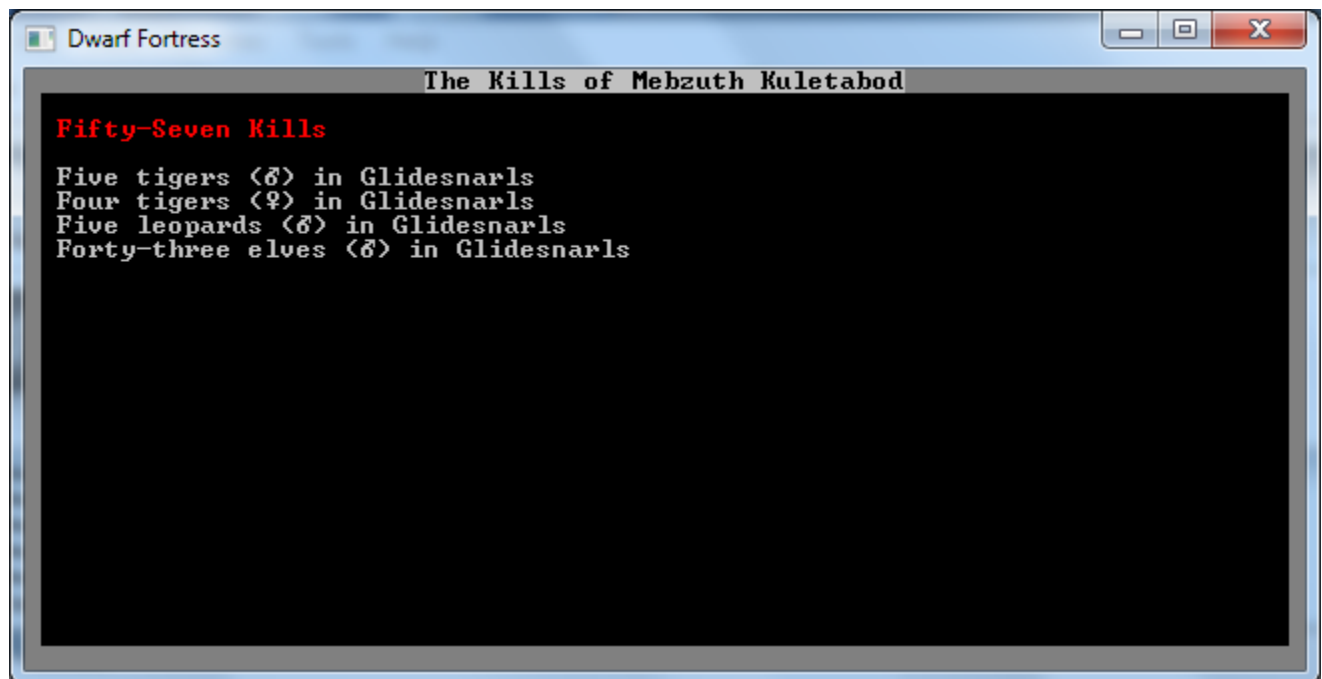
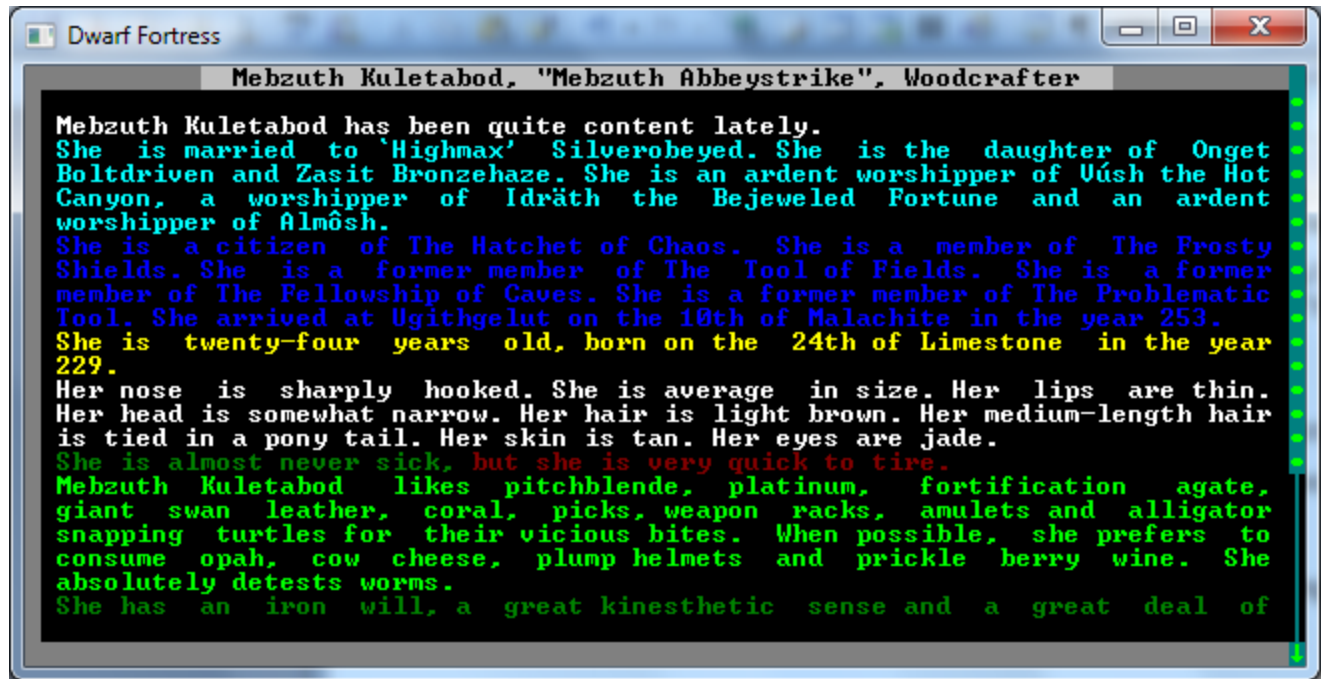
It would appear a kidnapper stole a lolcat. I'm not entirely sure why, and no one wants to explain it to me. To increase security, I have added a few hooved grazing animals to our defenses. Trololololo right back at you guys.

### ***5th of Galena***

I just don't understand. We have three types of ore here: Tetrahedrite, Native gold, and native copper. If Only I could make hammers out of gold... But my weaponsmiths assure me it is impossible. oh well.

Migrants have arrived, and people have returned to their regular state of bored apathy, I believe our recent troubles are behind us. Now if only I could get the furnishings done, every would stay that way.

RANDOM MIGRANT HIGHLIGHT TIME:



More kills at GlideSnarls. The migrants all have tooth bracelets. I feel like the only guy in the whole fort who has no clue what's up here.

Praise the miners! They found something useful today! Armor stands for everyone!



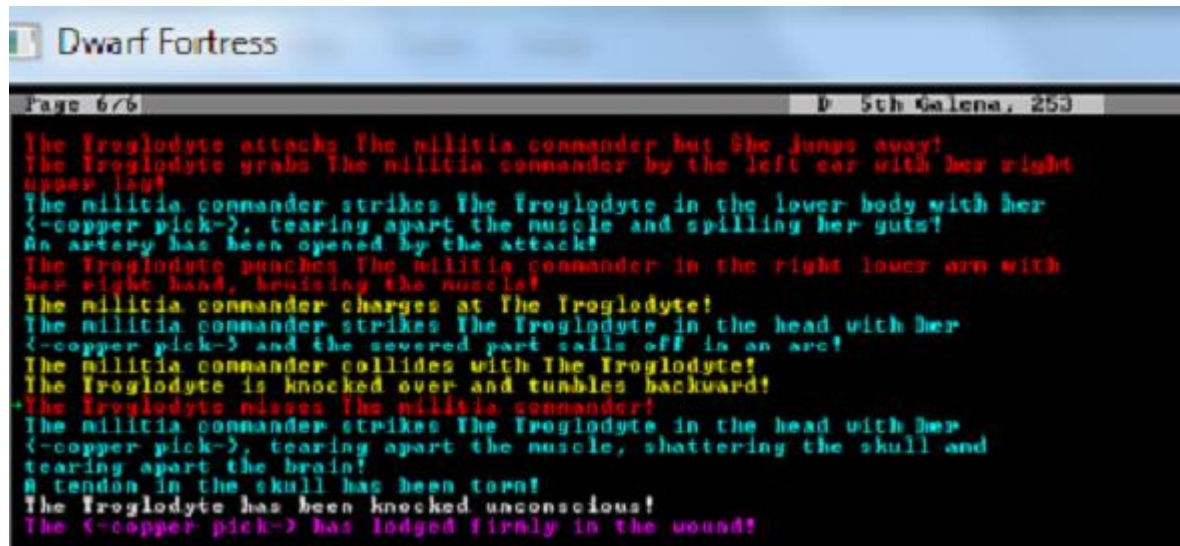
Gems and metal galore! And what's that I spy on my announcement list?



**IRON!!!** I never thought I'd miss it so much. I think I'm going to cry.

Mining, boring, building, stuff of that nature.

Troglodytes attack, apiks, our resident pick-wielding Militia commander, quickly drove them off. By driving her pick, into their skulls.



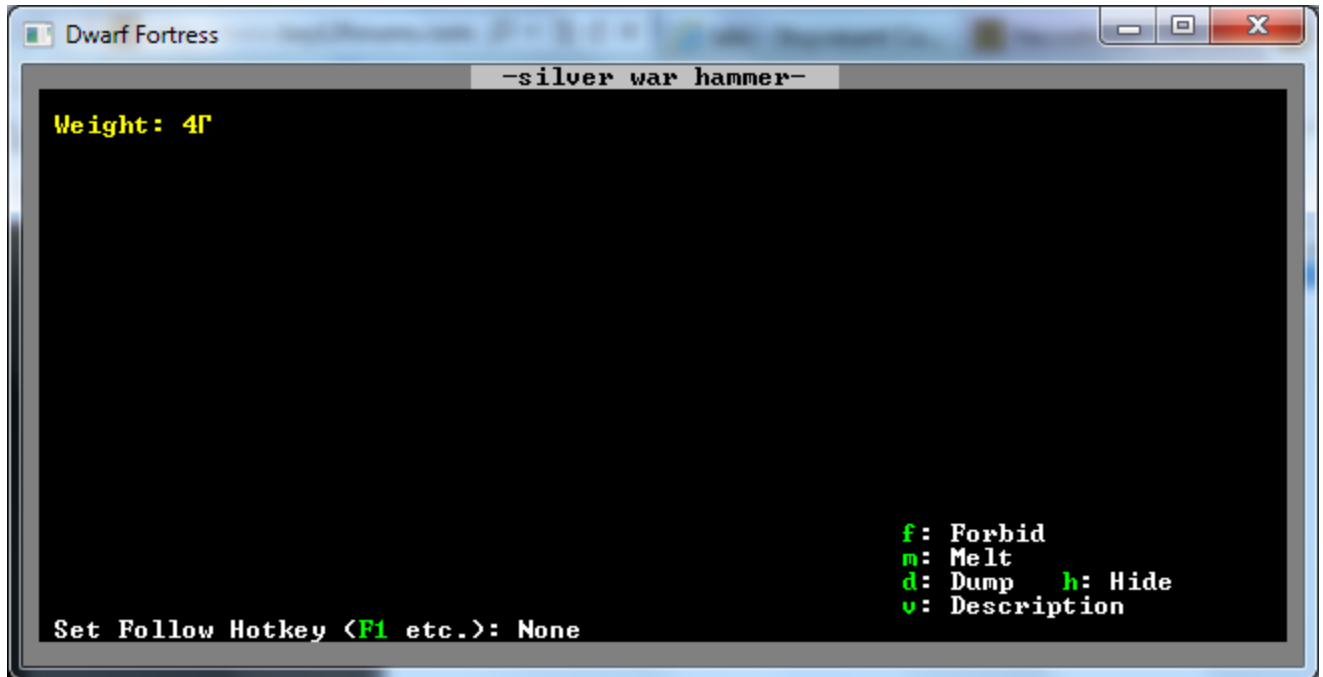
I have to say, she scares me.



Finally, a farmer has withdrawn from society, and kicked a leatherworker out of his workshop. Please, make something useful, like a shield! We need leather shields.

### 8th of Limestone

Today, I'd like to celebrate a important day. It took us a long time to get here, and as much as I'd like to thank every single person who helped us get here, I can't for want of time. However, I will stop to say it took a lot of people, and their sacrifices will not be in vain.



SILVER HAMMERS! About TIME! This should aid greatly in our fight against the undead hordes.

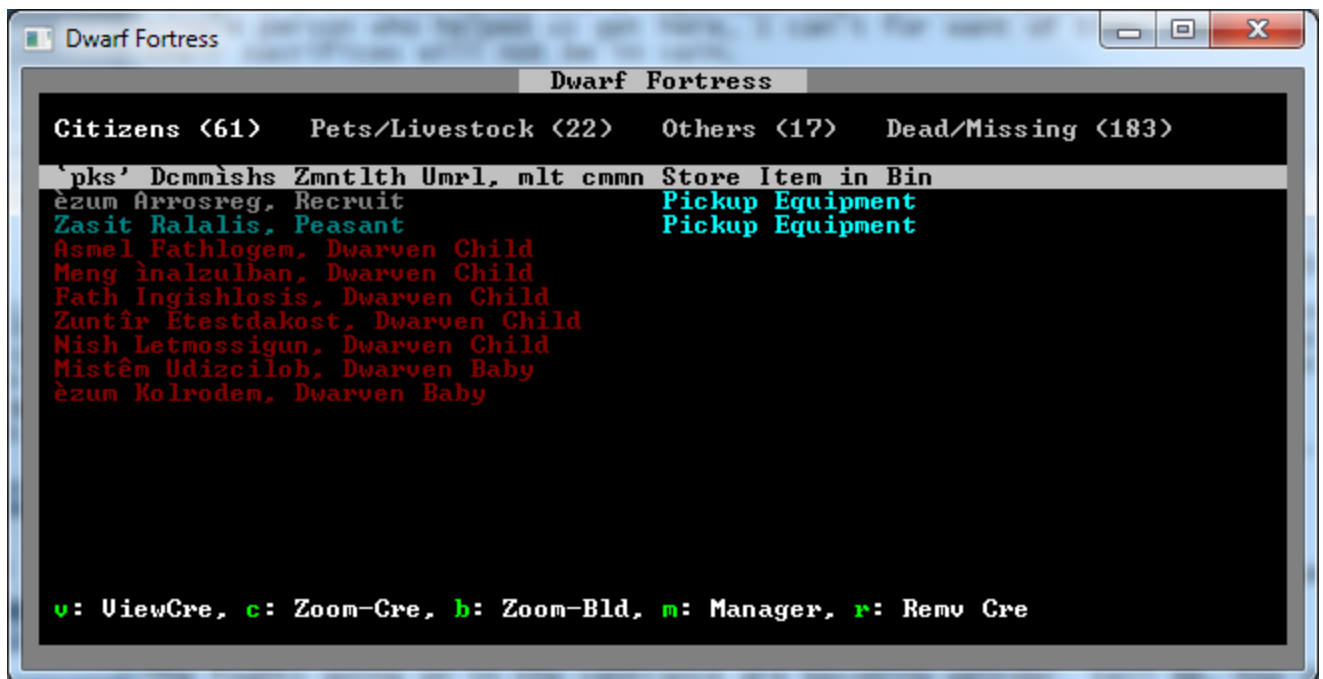
Things slowly progress, this is probably a running theme at this point. I'm upset about how little in the way of burial is occurring, our miners have still not mined out the temporary extension to the catacombs. Must be because their too busy mining out gold (or, in apiks case, mining skulls). Bah, no one is helping me here.

Did I mention I'm in the hospital? Yes well, after the recent attack, I injured my self. Curses, I know, But Its why I've been receiving reports from others instead of the real deal. I think I've figured out why though. It turns out the CMD has been incapacitated themself. How odd. I was in a seperate room, so I didn't know. Bastards. All I still need is a immobilization, so I hope to be out of here soon.

The troglodytes dispersed. One of them started chasing a random mechanic, while the militia chased him. What a terrifying game of hide-and-seek.



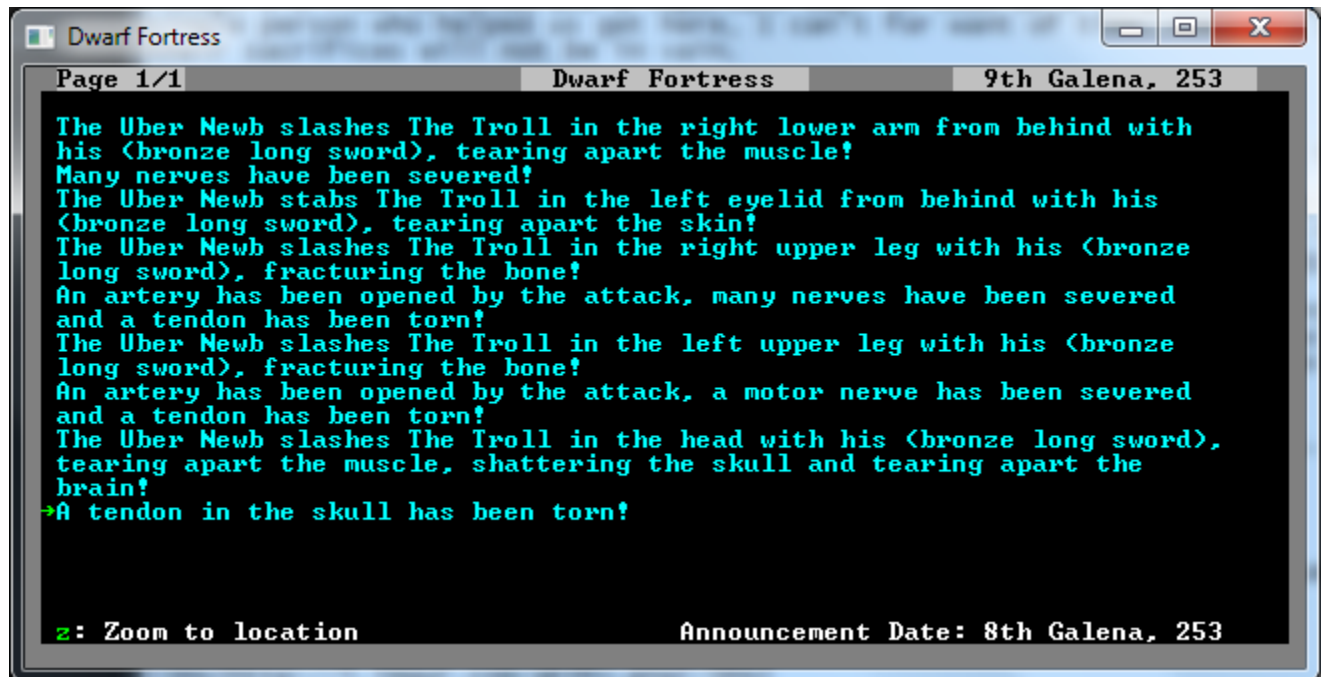
The militia caught up with them before any serious damage could be done, and the trog was killed. A counter-attack was then launched by the trogs, getting the jump on the dwarves there. Meanwhile, Apiks, slayer of the trog, decides the best use of his time is to store something in a bin.



A maceforumite is killed. A hammerforumite arrives on the scene and dispenses basalt-based justice

while the afore-mentioned mechanic is single-handedly beating to death a trog. A hammerforumite arrives with a granite banhammer and finishes him off. I think its safe to say the trogs have been BANNED.

A Troll shows up right next to the combat zone immediately after. It kills a random bowforumite and engages in bloodthirsty combat with a hammerforumite before highmax, ( remember highmax? that recent migrant), attacks from behind, tearing it to shreds.



The fights going on in the entrance are becoming weirder. tell me, how does this occur?





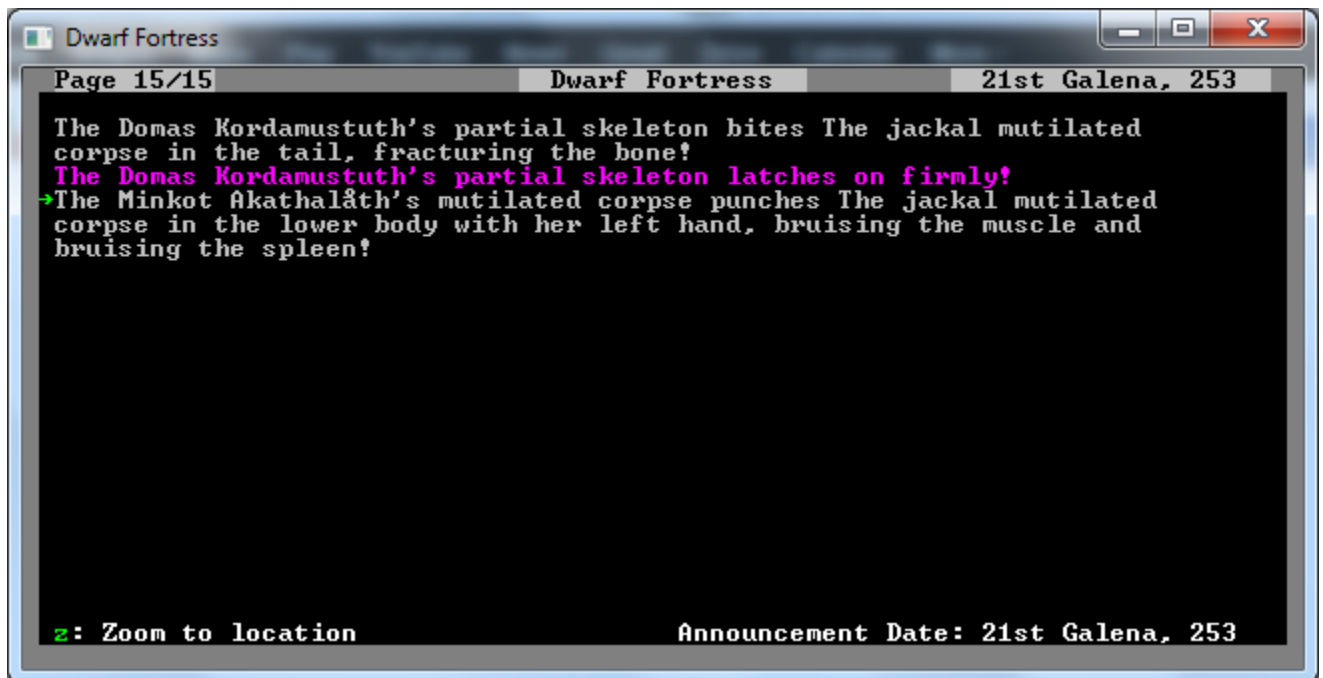
I will be sure to ask someone that. I'm beginning to think that the reports I'm receiving are less than accurate. I'm going to need to reprimand some people upside the head when I'm able.

The wall that prevents LOS for necros is finally being put up. Progress is being made on the smoothing and furnishing front. Coffins are being built. No one has removed the elf corpses in the front yard though, might have to dump 'em.

Uh oh. The friendly humans have arrived. You know what that means? I do. I quickly order all corpses moved inside. Corpses start moving soon enough, and I order the bridge closed. Better lose a few than all.

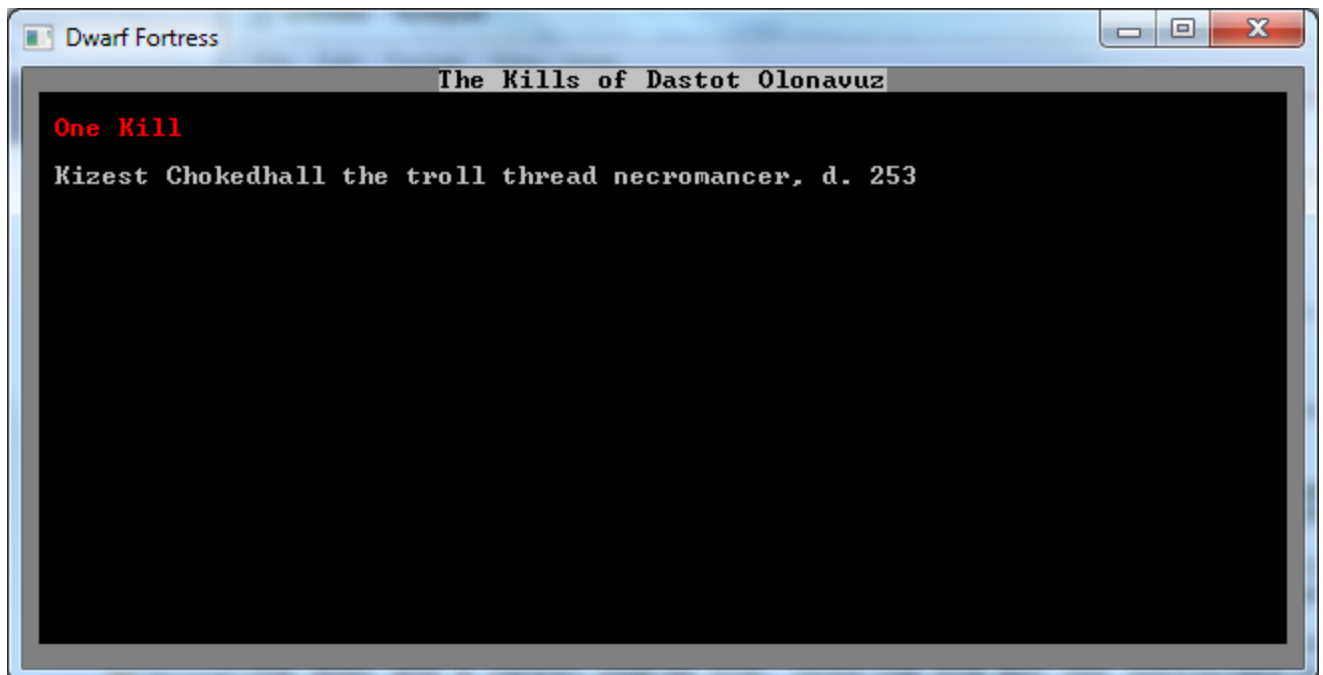
A dog shows great bravery in charging the corpses, giving us time to pull the lever. A fleeing horse notices a necromancer. The dogs and a jackal charge him, injuring him but not sufficiently.

He enters the fort proper, and raises various things. A miner manages to seal the gate so his friends can't help him out. The militia kills him quickly and kills the undead in the walls with acceptable casualties. I dragged myself out there to help, and I have to say, a funny image was the strange mood guy running right through the melee to grab a piece of leather. As the last head is crushed, the bridge finally raises. Gonna be a freaking while before it lowers in MY power. Turtling it is, opening only for migrants. Now, the only threat is from ourselves.



What? Infighting between the monsters? Are they not united against the forces of good? Weird.

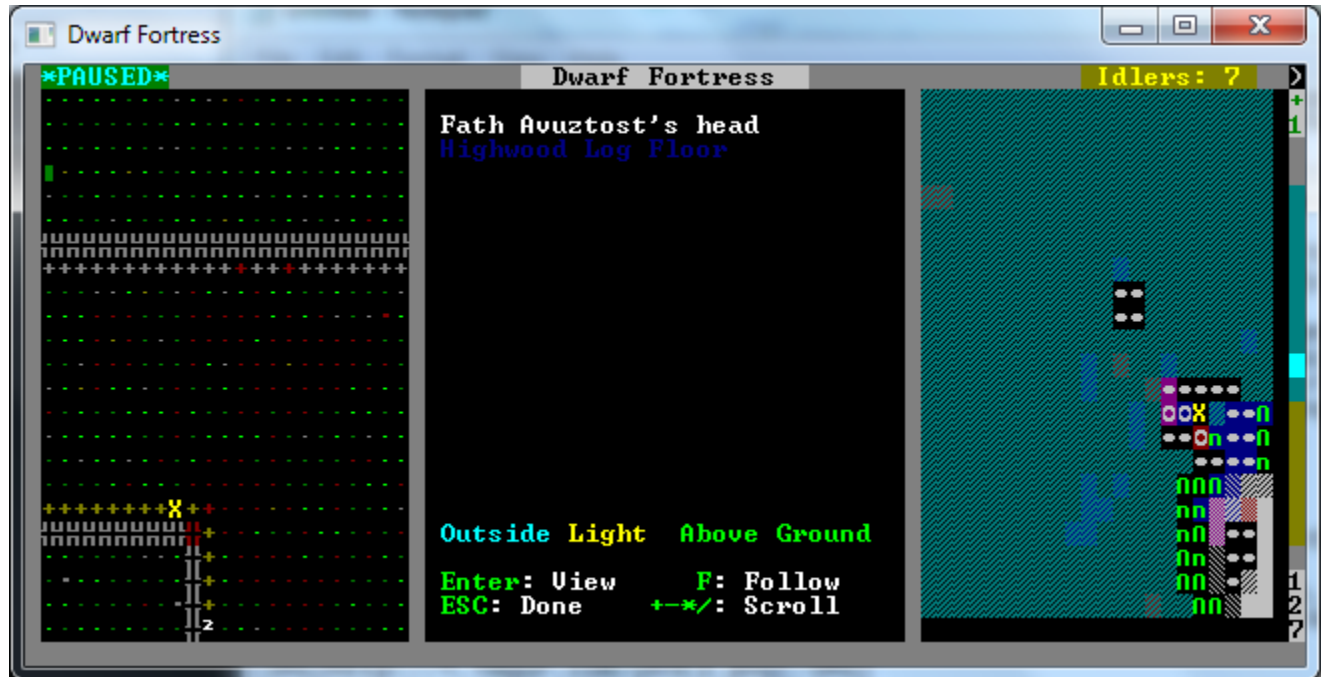
Anyway, after battle report. Our bowforumites were of a great help, and will be counted on in the future. It was one of them that actually delivered the finishing blow to the necro, a Dastot Gearedmine.



At one point in the fighting, a undead spotted a kobold. That poor kobold never ran as fast as he did now. Many members of our quickly drafted militia are injured, It will require a hospital Expansion.

I've looked around, spoken to people, trying to get a feel on things, and the Fort is mostly content. A number of fines. one or 2 happys, a small number of unhappys and 1 miserable. I think we will perservere.

Also, LOL, did this happen again?



A head is up there, watching people, scaring haulers. The Bowdwarves are taking potshots at it. Yo, stop it, the ammo is scarce. Eh, let them have it, we could use the damn practice. I'd rather a few guys get awesome shots of then everyone miss.

My spies report that a necro is caught in a cage outside. Huh. The bastard can get comfortable, cause He'll be there for a while.

The archers kill off the last 2 undead. I temporarily open up so that dead may be retrieved. That necro is going to get Hammered.

BTW, A bunch of random people got kills, no named people got killed, go day, I think. Greycat got a kill. BFEL is missing a hand, and has motor damage in the other one. That didn't prevent him from getting kills though. We're at 48 forumites.

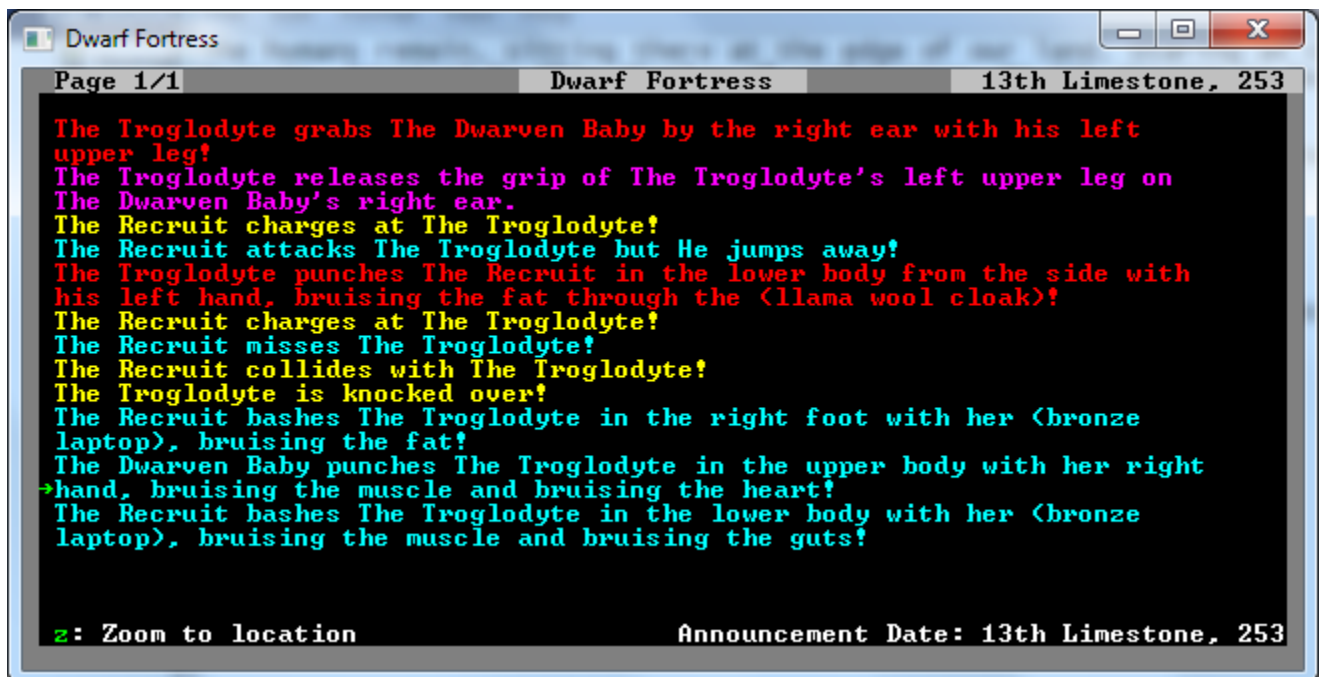
## 17th of Sandstone



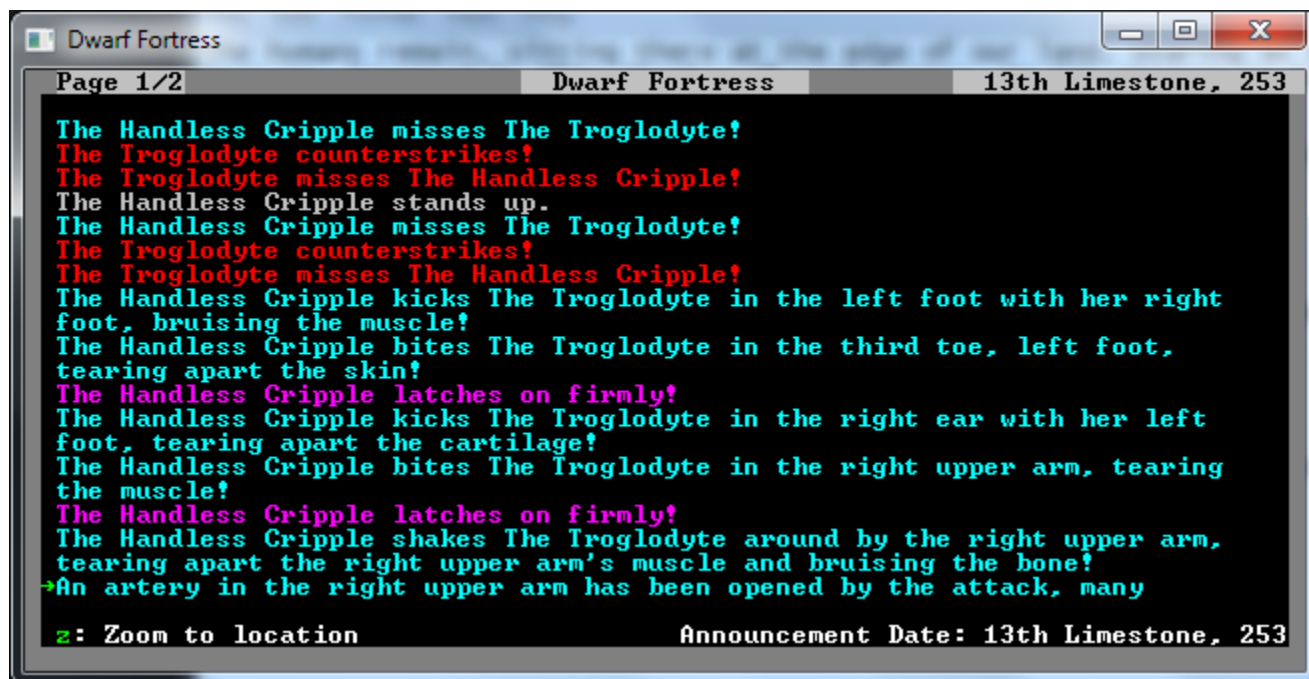
Troglodytes. seriously, fuck you guys.

The Militia masses, and, seeing no movement on the trogs part, charges. The results are a clear victory for us.

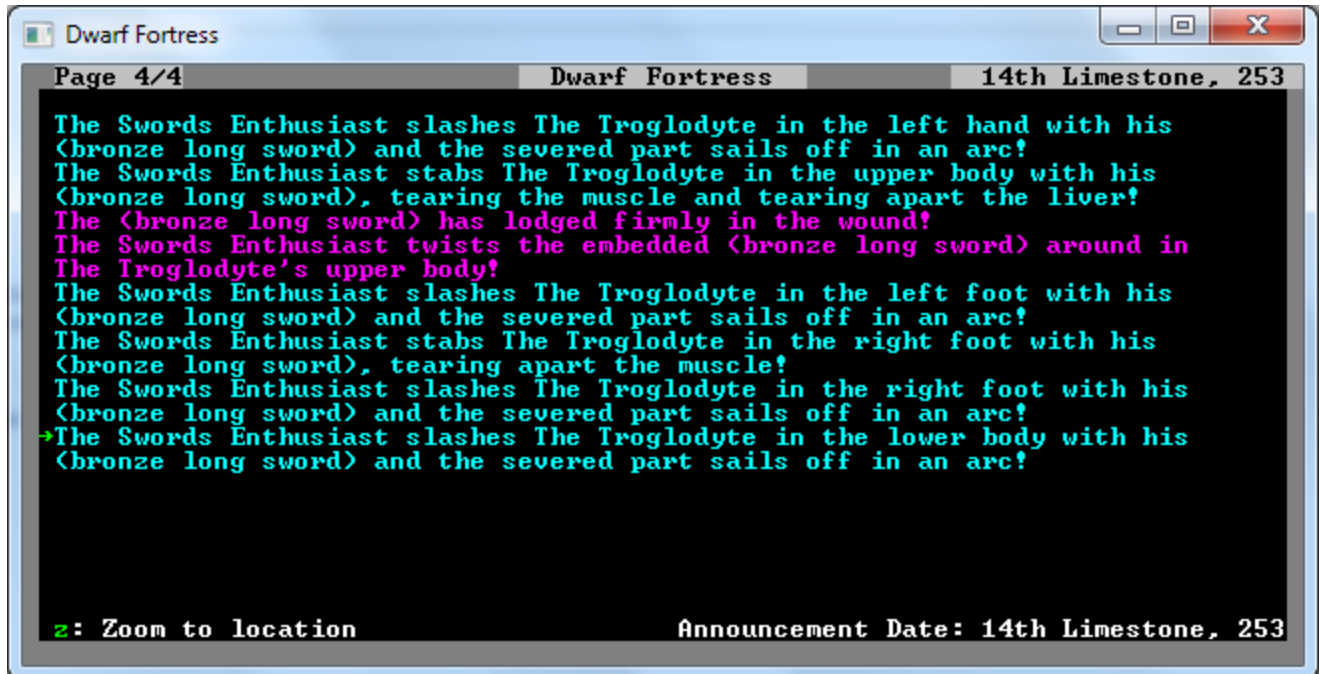
RANDOM COMBAT HIGHLIGHT TIME:



Holy shit Super Baby. I wouldn't believe it, but everyone there confirms. Bruising the heart? That baby punched straight into the monsters chest. Later he dodged of his mother's chest and punched one in the lung.



I suppose hands are not entirely necessary for owning.



It appears our friend highmax is still upset about his wife's death. He killed 2/3 of all the trogs himself, one of them single handedly. Actually, immediately following this combat report he jumps onto a trog rushing at the militia and bisects his skull in one attack. Looks like we have our hero.

Our secretive friend has still not finished collecting things for his useless junk collection. He draws bizarre pictures of gems, leather, and quarries. Well, we have oceans of useless stone, gems, and leather, so I assume its metal blocks he wants.

A thief is seen by our guard animals.



He runs off.

A party is organized by a child. How utterly useless. We are so short on manpower, and the only upset dwarf went mad a while ago.

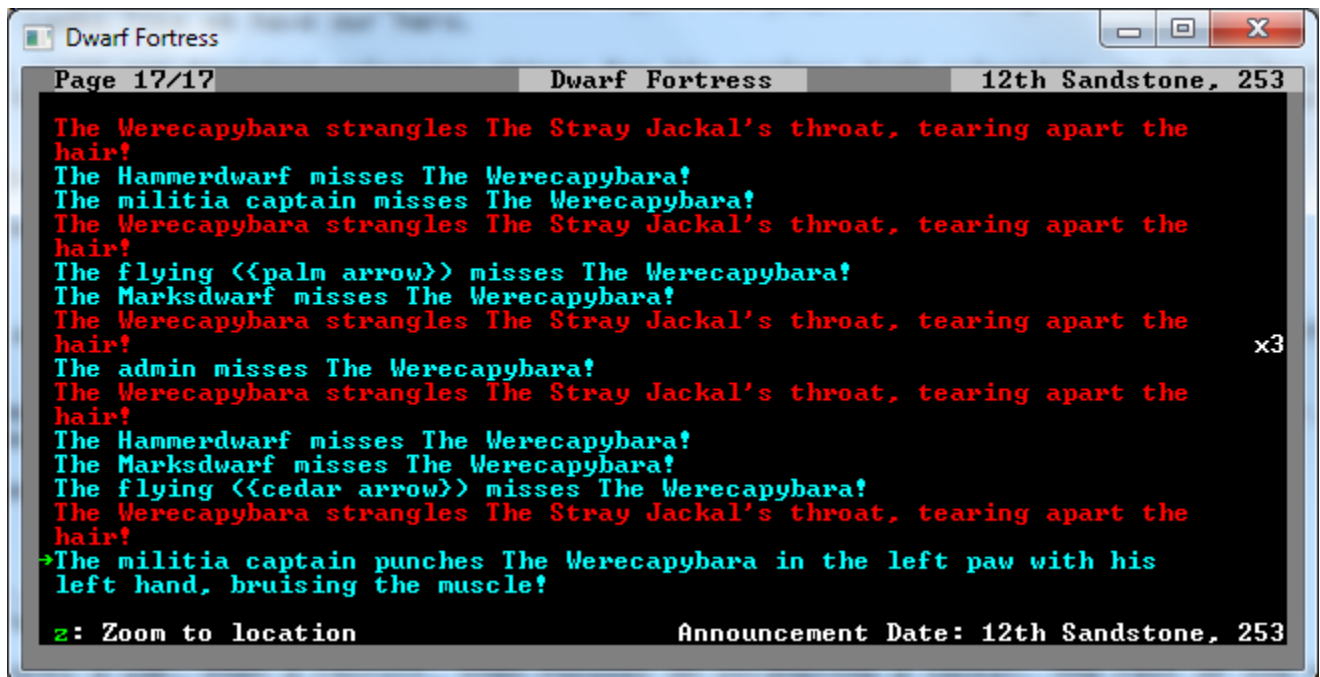
Oh yeah, I should have mentioned that. She lost her mother and went mad, stripping to her pants and quiver. Lordy, Thats just wrong. I, lacking the power to jail her for this, arrest her for murder.

My reports have said hat the miners have found Cats eye. Uh, what? I sincerely hope that is a gem, and not solidified cat optical systems.

Oh, shit.



That's, not, good. It attacks a yak, then a recruit, then focuses on strangling a jackal. The rest of the militia shows up, and attacks the werecapybara, missing consistently, while it attempts to strangle the jackal. A recruit actually becomes a hammerforumite while trying to wail on it. It is impressive, onl a few hit it, like a bowforumite with a arrow, and the admin with his laptop. Well, at least they're practicing.



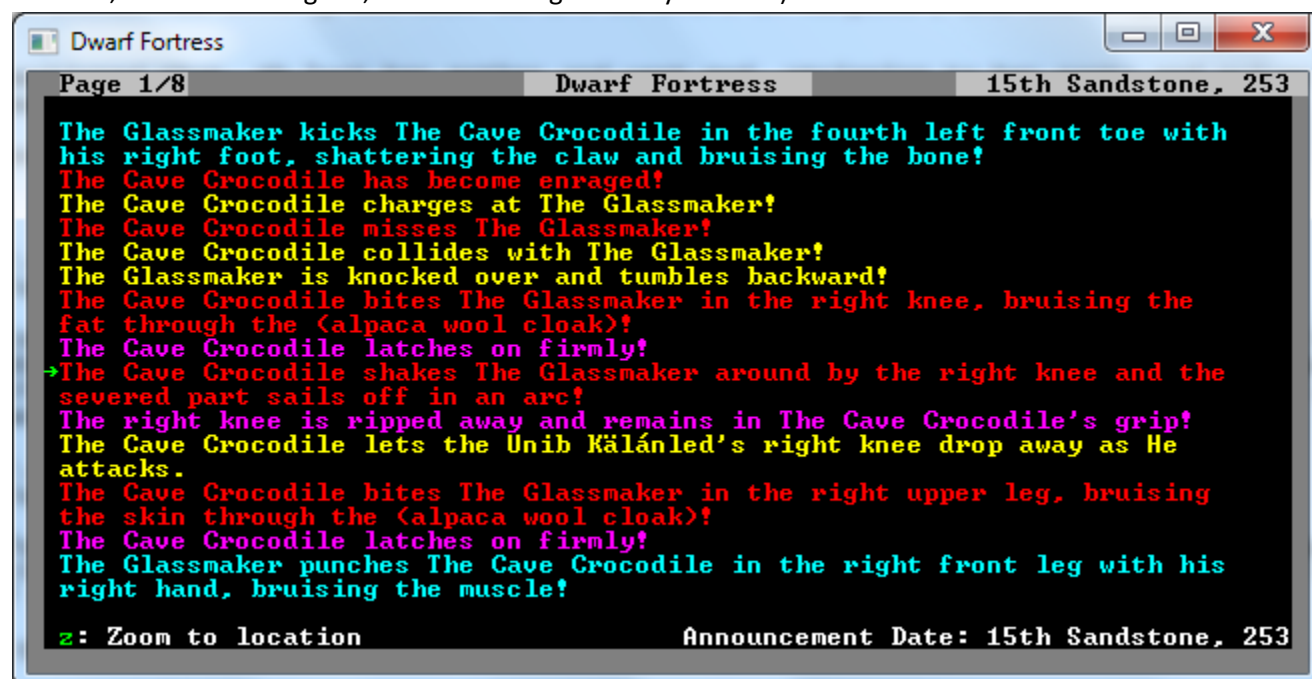


Right as the jackal suffocates, the WereCapybara turns into a reptile women. She appears to have picked up some skillz from her time dodging the entire militia, as she manages to dodge all of their attacks. She runs off dodging the attacks and arrows enough to run off the map. Uhh, okay. That was weird.

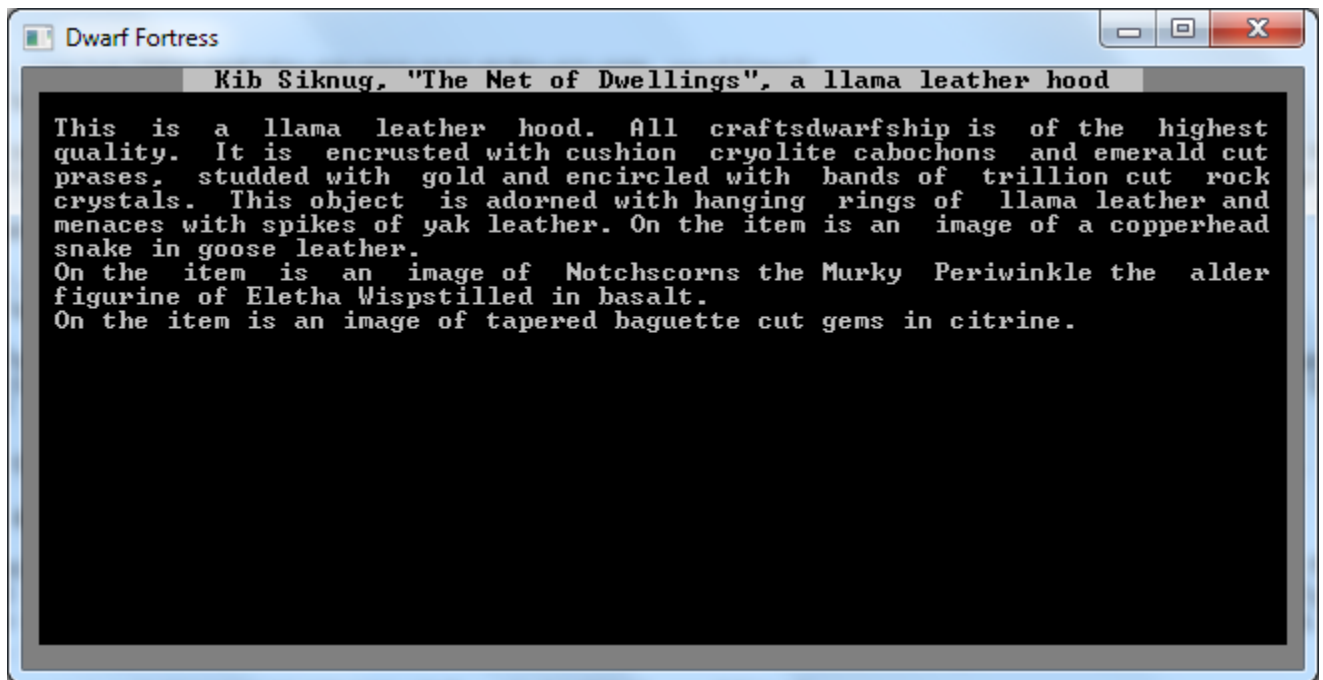
One dwarf was bitten by the woman. I don't know if he was infected, by he will be quarantined nonetheless.

Our secretive friend is apparently not just a mad collector, and has decided to construct something.

A Fight between a Cave crocodile and a glassmaker ended in tragedy today. it appears like he kicked in the face, and this enraged it. After it had started mauling him, the militia was forced to euthanize the beast. Unfortunately, the first on the scene was a recruit, who was shredded before our friend The Enthusiast appeared and dissected the crocodile. (The recruit died following this incident, probably for the best, as his arm was gone, as well as being viscusly mauled.)



He was not able to kill the beast, however, due to its tough hide. A recruit wielding a banhammer appeared and finished the job.



Did you know you suck? Because you do. A lot. You suck elf. Your mom's a cross between a goblin and an elf. Oh yeah, I went there, what you going to do about it? Nothing, Cause its true.

---

*"Missing Histories of Necrothreat I by Sprin*

*A farmer was shifting through the seeds when some burnt crumpled paper tumbles out.*

*The papers are almost unreadable but the signature at the end was as clear as day, Sprin. The overseer from the horrible miserable time about a year ago.*

*The farmer went to the archiver to recover the infamous history of Necrothreat...*

*Damn that Danbur, he stuck me with the task of overseer, IAM A DOCTOR NOT AN OVERSEER!!! Well if he thinks this is funny I'll evict his arse and move into his room.*

*NURSE WE ARE CHANGING SHOP!!!"*

---

## 22nd of Moonstone

Our Infected friend has been moved to the Isolation Booth. I am highly unfamiliar with such creatures, So I may decide to Wall it off as well. I have been informed that the Infected individual in question has a baby. That's just not good. I'm locking a baby away with a vicious monster. The Forumite is very upset. I've told her that its simply a precaution, and that she'll be fine, but she's worried. She tried to keep er baby out, but I thought it'd be for the best.



Anyway, If she's kills the baby, I have a solution. I'll lock up the necromancer next door, so when the monster kills the baby, the baby'll come back to life, attacking the mother. Because of the necro, the baby will continue arising and attacking, so eventually, it should kill the mom. If its doesn't well, I'm a evil Son of a elf.

I feel weak, Despite my time in the hospital, I still have yet to get better. I fear I won't even live to see the end of my term as overseer. They spend much time not focusing on not feeding me, Just the other day a miner dehydrated in the bed right next to me. I fear for my life.

I decide that I will make a posterboard to keep the population informed. I'm not good with drawings, so I will take some time inbetween posters.

Our poor friend the mad Bone carver is still alive, despite numerous beatings. Asshole. She has been accused now of triple murder, including that of killing Sprin the mad doctor twice.

MIGRANTS. YES. YOU ARE ALL GOING TO DIE. EVERY SINGLE ONE OF YOU. YOU ARE GOING TO ALL BURN IN ARMOKS PERSONAL PISS-HOLE.

RANDOM DOOMED MIGRANT TIME:



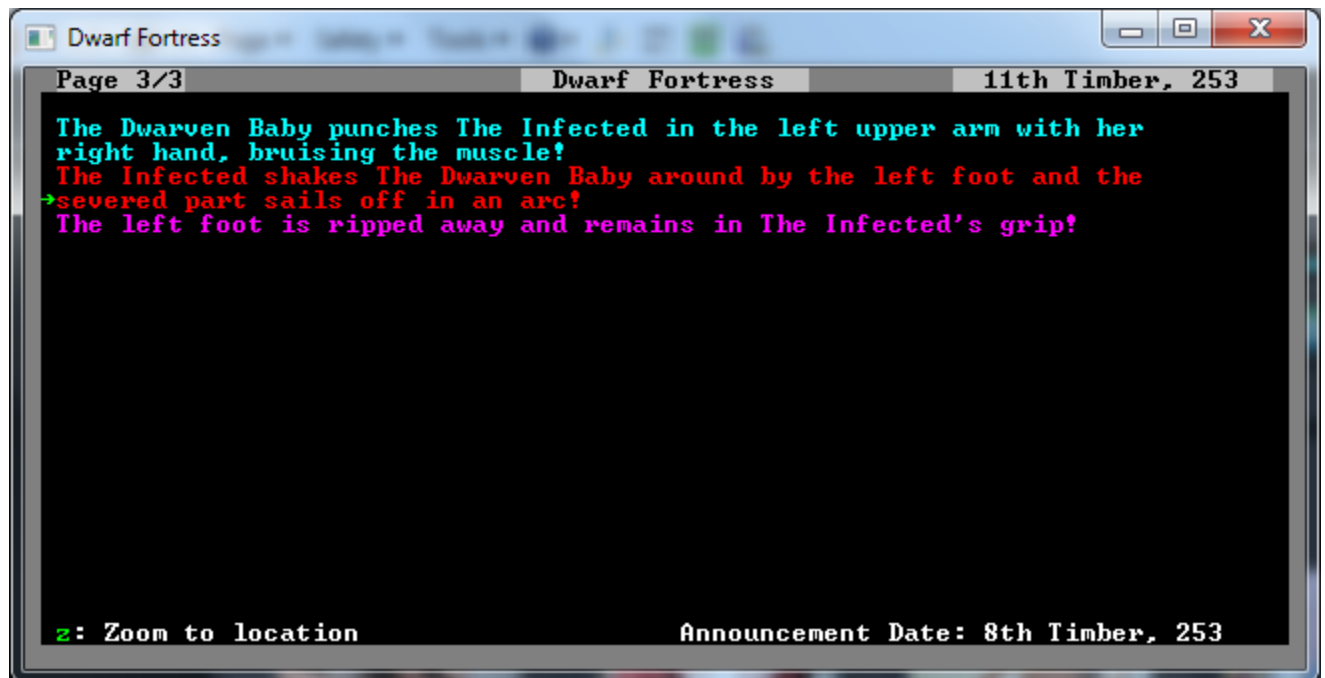
Odd assortment of Skills.

10 migrants in total. Most are skilled in the military.

A spinner goes Weird in the head and refuses to speak to anyone. He claims a craftsshop and decides his little project requires gold ore.

**Mistêm Zimmörul, Infected has transformed into a werecapybara!**

My worst fears have been confirmed. Worst yet, the baby in question was none other then Super-baby. The baby fought long and hard, but none could withstand the might of the capybara. His Brother has been informed of the incident, and he has woved to carry on his legacy. Of toddler rage.



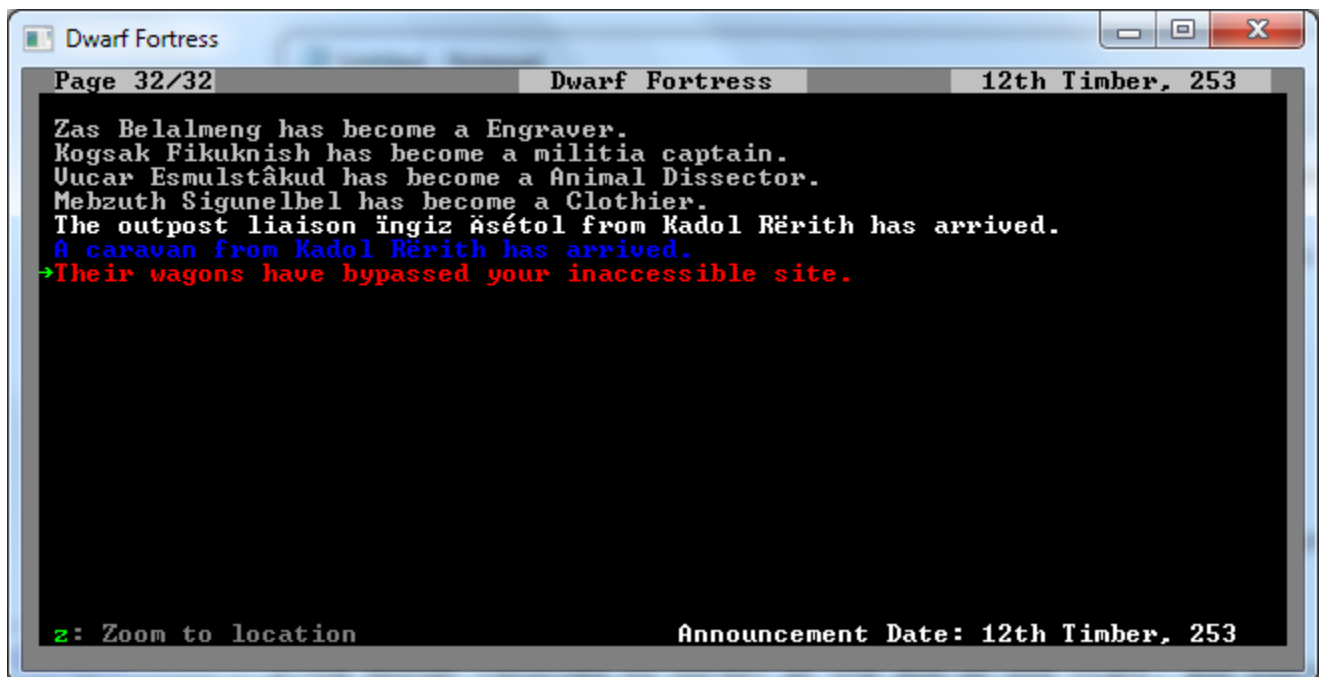
The mother returned to normal at the end of the night, and expressed great confusion and grief at the sudden death of her child. She accused us of murdering her child in the middle of the night, to justify our quarantine of her and presumably sacrifice to our dark gods. I resealed the wall, and her denial was silenced as the last block moved into position. Archer stations are being made.

(NOTE TO FUTURE OVERSEERS: She turns around the 10th)

A sword dwarf that happened to be running by the water near the time of the incident was surrounded by peach-faced lovebirds. I don't know why he reacted to lovers in the way that he did, but I assume he was justified. All of a sudden, he rushes at them, with a strange look in his eye. He stabs a number of them, and forces the others away from the fort.

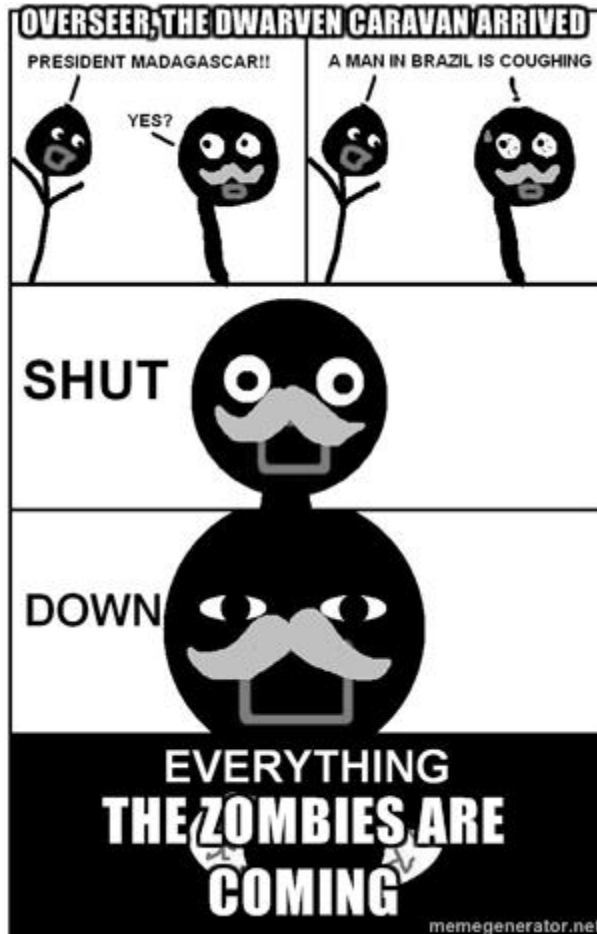


A Engraver Ran up to me demanding that he be renamed "GoombaGeek" in honor of his Human great-Grandfather, as the price for his works of art. I asked him why the hell he was asking me. He said all new names had to go through the overseer. I gave him the paper apropos and sent him on his way.



Caravan.

I put up the posters I made and copied earlier. Here is the first one made by our clothier:



Troglodytes have once again reappeared. The Troglodyte war wages on.

As soon as the dwarven caravan is safely inside our walls, a ambush was sighted. A Zombie ambush. I did not even know they existed.

I have convinced certain members of the fort to part with their trinkets of bone and tooth, so We will manage to trade some usefulness.



The trogs present themselves as a formidable force, attempting to enter the fort with a Olm leading the way. A door is locked in there path, which delays them enough for The military to mass. The attack is swift, and brutal. The trogs are are dead.

Meanwhile, a second ambush is spotted, which scares off a yak, and is shot full of arrows.

The The Bowforumites practice their archery while the Undead Soldiers practice their arrow dodging. the rest of the fort watches. The Diplomat is already ready to leave, despite being aware of the undead horde outside. I swear I've never seen such ability to get through negotiations.

Our infected friend's day of transformation was the 7th this month. How interesting.

Most of the undead are caught by traps, whilst others are injured by arrows. Just a few are alive. I'd open the gates, but frankly, the fact is the undead are better armored then us. That isn't good.



## 6th of Obsidian

Uh oh, The strange mooder decided he didn't have enough of something, and is currently obtaining tooth. From forum faces.

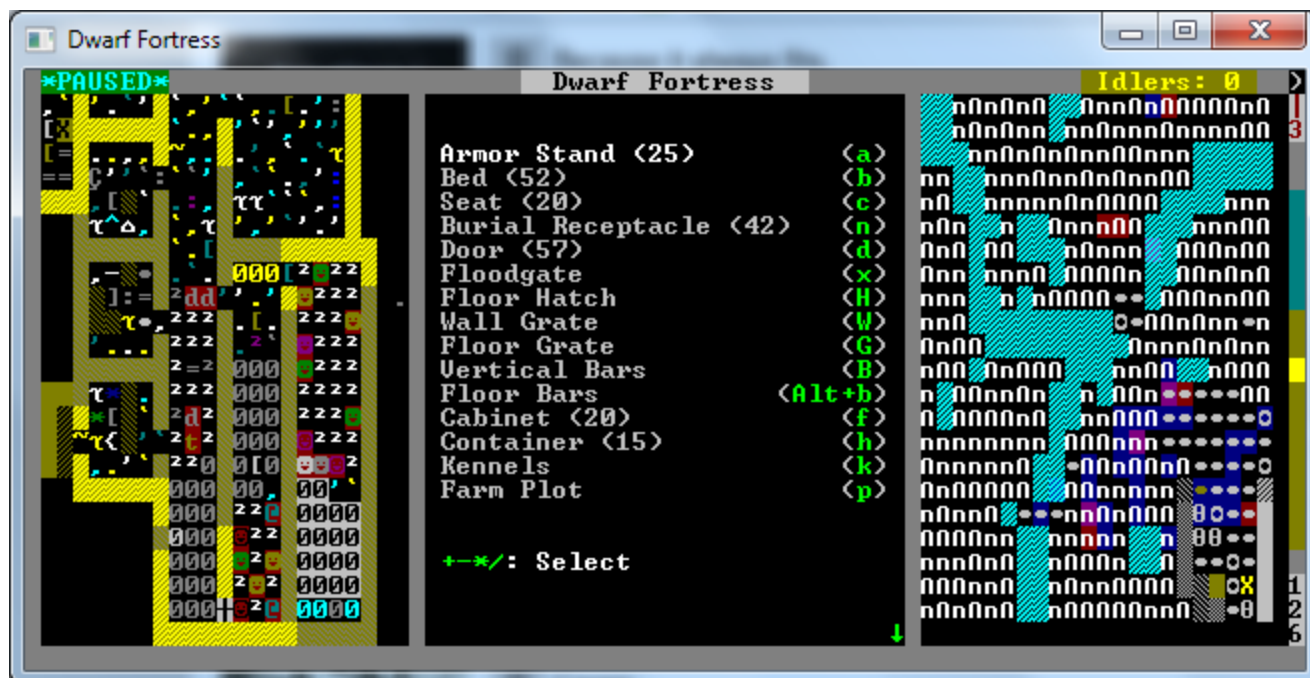


He starts off by attempting to borrow a few from the surgeon, though the surgeon dodged him until someone arrived. The first on the seen was a military recruit. He beat the little beast and was doing pretty well until the marksformite shot him in the leg. Armor, we need armor.



Geez, U mad bro? A hammerforumite sees this exchange, rushes at the guy, and beats him with the hammer till he dies.

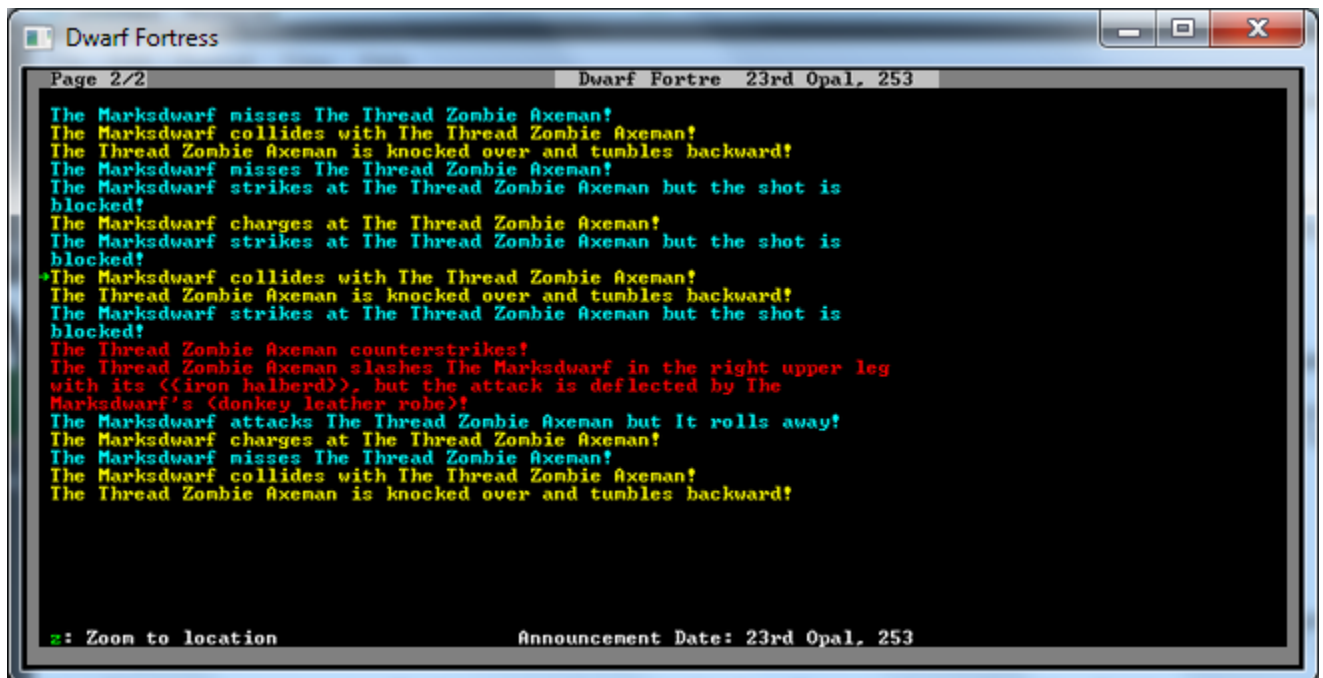
Now with that unpleasant out of the way, I must admit diary, I feel sicker and sicker. If I continue like this, I may die. If I do, be aware my sister will take over for the duration of my term. A fine lass she is, just arrived in the recent migrant wave. she'll keep it alive till its time.



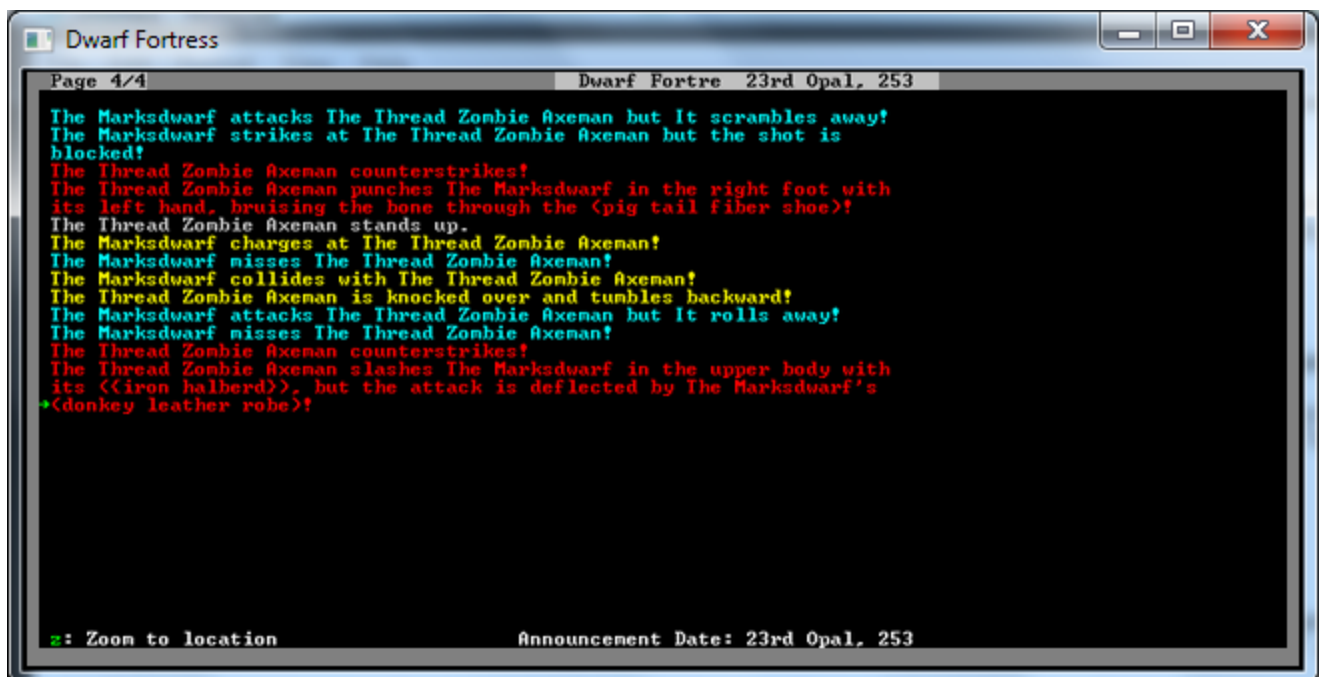
FUCK YOU GHOSTS. BACK TO YOUR MAKER.

I have grown weary of the ambush. they do not leave, and The dwarven caravan must leave soon. I resolve to open the fort up, knowing I may doom it. There's only 3 of them left though, and there's like 30 of us.

The first person out of the gate is a marksdwarf not where he should be. He rushes a swordsmen into the last cage trap and follows a axeman, getting beaten in the process.



YOU'RE DOING IT WRONG.

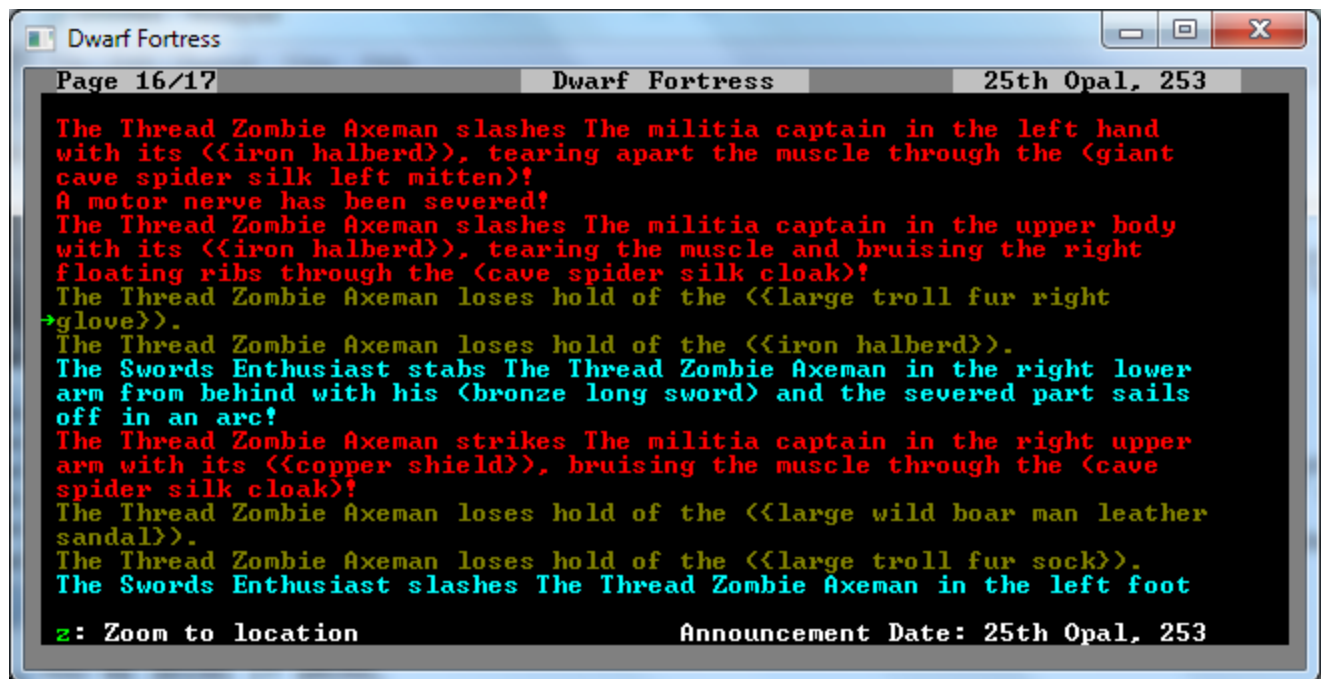


This doesn't make sense. Why is anything bouncing off leather. We need more leather armor, it seems.

The marksdwarf is running off after suffering several injuries. He is chased everywhere by the

axezombie. A marksdwarf follows them and substitutes himself for a while in fighting him until a militia captain shoes up. Frankly, I'm worried by the fact it dodged so many attacks. This was counter-balanced by the weight of their armor, which slowed them enough that the forumites got the largest majority of the attacks.

Right as the militia commander earns his hammering "wings" so to speak, he is injured. Which slows him down enough so that the axe man can strike back, which he does quickly and elegantly. At this point though, highmax arrives, and swiftly dismembers the beast.



Another one joins in the brawl, and the injured friend wakes up.

The fight goes on forever. the dwarves are incapable of killing them, but injure them more and more heavily, while they does so in kind. After the highmax had cut off 2 legs, 1 hand, and a arm, and the creature was still up and injuring, the drew on. Eventually the creature smashes its shield (its sword had been lost) against highmax's head, knocking him out. The fight rages on for days, months, until, finally, a hammerdwarf succeeds in crushing the remaining ones skull. The results of this incident show me several things:

1. Fights with these creatures can and do go up as long as 66 pages.
2. 66 page long reports are very heavy, and will crush your desk.
3. These creatures can be killed by any method other then bleeding.
4. It is very, very hard to kill them, and they are highly trained.
5. If this had been an actual engagement, we'd all be dead.

---

*"A song by Highmax*

*Here comes evil's twin  
His armies have arrived  
The death lord rises from the flames  
High Lord Threadromancer Laughs  
Fires lights his path  
His armies are full of primal hate*

*Translation: We're screwed!"*

---

### **1st of Granite**

Uh, hello. I'm Misko's sister, Tekelia. I'm writing here because, well, Misko is dead. He died of complications relating to his illness (and not, as his doctors assured me, because he starved to death.)

So, um, he has been buried in one of the few gold sarcophagi we have, as he asked.



Okay, the reason I'm writing this is the Misko stated his last wish was that our family finish out the year,

and that he not be remembered like Sprin, as one who failed, but as himself, one who brought much greatness to the fort despite hardship.

So, my job is to keep the fort alive for the rest of the month. Doesn't sound so hard.

First order of business is the honoring of Highmax the Hero. I am supposed to publish this list, but also keep in mind he contribution is not limited to it, for example, he was instrumental in defeating the thread zombies, as well killing the cave crocodile.

Upon the 12th being reached, many of the forumites begged me to seal the entrance. I asked why, as there were good men injured out there, but they said that they had rescued highmax so who cared. Feeling confused and worried I ordered the closing. I soon found out why.



It soon disappeared, so the fort went searching for the beast. Meanwhile a actual ambush by them occurred outside. Thats not good. They killed the war horse and the war lolcat, and a second ambush was seen across the southern river.

Well shit. Fortunately, they apparently were not aware of the injured dwarves outside, so they were safe for now. In addition, the haxxor thief decided to get the fuck out and fled using the caverns.





Seriously? SERIOUSLY? That person may well be already dead, so impossible to tell now. If I find then, A: They're going to fight our werecapybara, and b: Will get a present for killing a child. Armok knows we don't need useful forumites being killed.

Anyway, deciding to be more helpful then they were last time, the grey langurs attack the haxxors. Unfortunately, they also attracted the haxxors to the injured.



Well shit. Being more useful, the thrips people decided to fuck the Haxxors brains, since they run back and forth trying to hit them.



The fort remains calm, save for 1. I imagine most of them are used to tragedy by now.

While looking through the migrant records, I found something, interesting.





Well hello mister vampire.

A child threw a party. It was kinda interesting, although the theme of "At least WE'RE not dead yet" was probably a bit of a damper.

I've been called up to join the bowsquad. Ordinarily I'd say no, especially considering my brother, but I really want to help.

```
'GoombaGeek' Sibrekkikrost, Engraver cancels Construct Building: Taken by mood.  
The forumites suspended the construction of basalt Coffin.  
>'GoombaGeek' Sibrekkikrost, Engraver has been possessed!
```

...



...

That was fast. He took three pieces of gold nuggets and one tetrahedrite.

A ghost was put to rest, and another is on the way out. The werecapybara turned on the 27th this month. interesting. Anyway, she is pretty depressed, what with not having shoes, and being haunted by the ghost of here undead child.

Well, that's it. My hard time of Overseer is up, and I can only hope that our family name will be forever remembered.

---

*"Another Lost History of Necrothreat I by Sprin*

***4th of granite***

*Why do we have rock doors being mass produced? NURSE STOP ALL PRODUCTION OF "LUXORY" ITEMS!!!*

*Wooden ball spikes, what? Why are sucky trap components? Foolish fools this fortress is all screwy looks like I have some work to do."*

---

## Chapter V

### The Rule of Talvieno, the Mad God Impersonator

#### ***FROM SARGE'S JOURNALLOGTHINGYWHATEVER***

Alrighty then, this is the journal-log-thingy-whatever of Sarge Boatbores, Militia Captain. I'm a military man... I served my country... I did my time in making the world a better place.

And my country sends me here. Well, if that doesn't beat all that's good and holy in this world, I don't know what does. I mean, look at this place! It's a doggone bonafide mess, for crying out loud! Coffins aboverock, corpses everywhere, and there's a DOG stuck WITH HER PUPPIES on top of the aquifer shaft! It's a miracle she survived the fall! She will be our mascot. Perhaps we can immortalize her in obsidian at some point - a fitting end to a marvelous hero.

And...

by the gods...

Haxxors. There are HAXXORS alive right outside the fortress. ALIVE! OUTSIDE!

I cannot emphasize this enough. SOMETHING MUST BE DONE.

Being a military man, I put my thinker to the grindstone and used my combat experience to come up with a brilliant tactical strategy to defeat them with. It wasn't long before I'd gathered my troops together... Ah, I remember the day well... The day I took charge...

The carpenters hastily cobbled together a stage for me to stand on, and I began my speech.

"Gentlemen," I said, my voice ringing clearly through the room, "Today, we are going to defeat the foul-footed creatures that plague us! They will not steal our poor souls today, because fear not! I am here!

"My blessed brethren of the forums, today, we build... A MIGHTY TOWER!"

There was some murmuring among the ranks, I kid you not.

"OHHHHHH, yes," I assured them with a roar. "We're building a TOWER! A tower that will reach TO THE HEAVENS with its mighty... rock... things... BUT BEWARE! From THIS TOWER we will LAUNCH items onto the poor fool's heads below, and they will be flattened! NONE shall survive the might of Necrothreat!"

"Sarge, I don't think that's the best idea," Mastacheese said. "You see, I -"

"WHAT?!" I interrupted him with a majestic roar. "DO YOU DOUBT ME, MORTAL??"

This brought curious glances from the assembled group, and raised eyebrows. No doubt they saw the validity of my question.

"Mastahcheese, tell me," I said, lowering my voice, "How old am I, today?"

He didn't even have to check his records. "Eighty-seven, sir," he replied promptly.

"That's right," I grinned, thumping him on the back. "And what can live to be eighty-seven, Mastahcheese?"

The global moderator hesitated, clearly stumped by my brilliance. "Um... A tree?"

"No, of course not!" I roared. "A goblin, you fool! And how long do goblins live??"

"Forever - they have no max age."

"THAT'S RIGHT!" I shouted, trying to give him another thump on the back. He sidestepped it - how rude. "Magnificent, my friend! They never die naturally! And what else never dies?!"

He remained silent.

"Anyone?" I asked, peering out over the crowd. "Anyone at all? Surely somebody knows what -"

A little child spoke up from the back of the room. "A god?"

"YES!!!" I roared gleefully. "EXACTLY SO! I am a GOD, my friend Mastahcheese. Thou shalt not doubt me today!"

Mastahcheese frowned. "We don't have enough stone, sir."

I froze, and the smile slowly faded from my face. "Oh... I suppose that does present a problem, yes... Well... I suppose... I decree that we shall simply stay underground and wait til this is all over!"

As I exited the stage, I cried out, "AND GET THOSE COFFINS DEEPER UNDERGROUND! We don't want necrothreaders raising old threads all over the place!"

And thus began my reign.

My reign over a fortress of 36 lacklimb dwarves.

OH, yes. WE'RE screwed. Utterly, hopelessly SCREWED. But if I can help it... we're going to be screwed in STYLE.

## FROM THE JOURNAL LOG THINGY WHATEVER OF SARGE

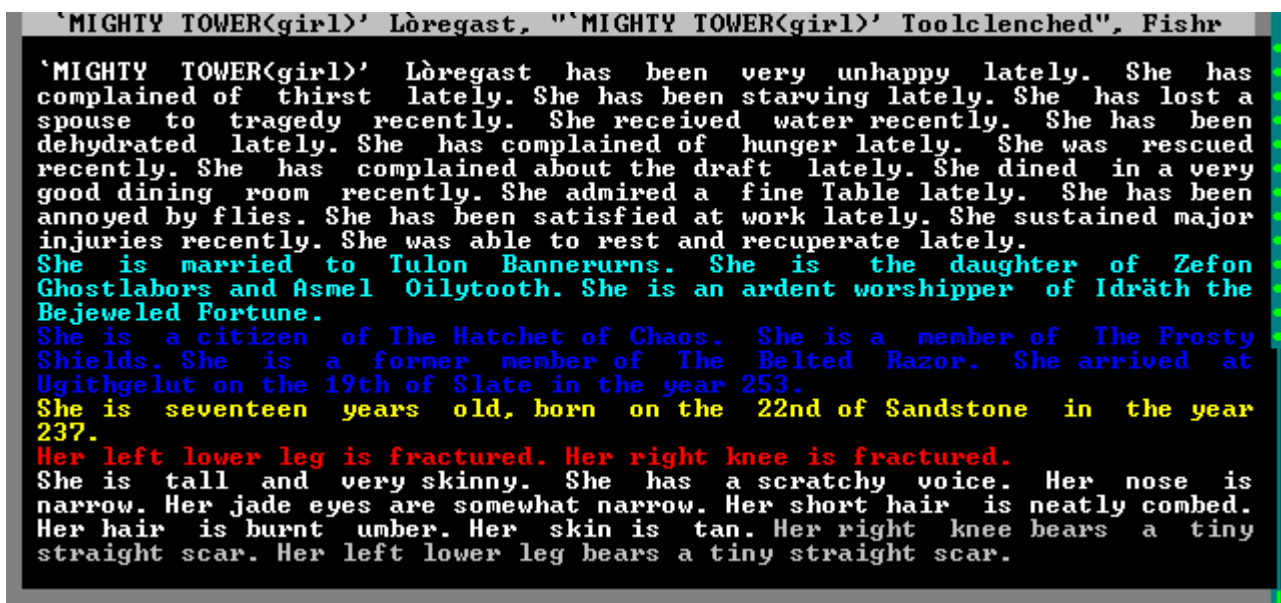
2nd Granite, Early Spring 254

WELL, it appears MS FATH (who the freak gave her such a STUPID NAME) is throwing a tantrum.



Hilariously, she's strapped to a traction bench. AND ASLEEP. How the freak she's managing to do it, I don't know. She just lays there, screaming wildly in between snores. Frankly, it's the funniest thing in the world. I tried to sell tickets, but it seems nobody wanted to take a seat next to the corpses in the hospital. Why, I don't know.

Nah, you know what? I'm renaming her. Fath is a stupid name. I'll give her something more feminine-sounding. Something pretty.



...Much improved.

Somebody decided to put all the coffins aboveground. How they expect us to keep them from rising from the coffins, I have no idea, but hey - coffins are heavy, right? What if someone was to say...

"drop"... by which I mean "launch"... said coffins at Haxxors? Do you think they'd dodge? ...Do you? 😊

#### **4th Granite, Early Spring 254**

OMG...



These people are idiots.

WHO THE FREAK BUILT NINE STILLs?!? WHY on EARTH would we need NINE STILLs?!? WTF COULD WE DO WITH THEM?

"O hai, can I haz beerz?!"

"Yes you can, here's a tsunami of the stuff!"

"OMG NOOOOOOOO glub glub glub glub!" \*is washed away in a tsunami of the stuff\*

"LOLOLOLOLOLOL N00B" \*is also washed away\*

Hilariously, despite our NINE FREAKING STILLs... We have 36 drink. One drink for each person... and that's it. By the holy power of hell... this isn't going to last long.

Village Ugithgelut, "Necrothreat"				4th Granite, 254, Early Spring			
Animals				Kitchen			
Stone				Stocks			
Health				Justice			
Created Wealth:		Population:		37			
You need a broker with the appraisal skill.		Miners	1	Axedwarves	None		
		Woodworkers	1	Axe Lords	None		
		Stoneworkers	3	Swordsdwarves	1		
		Rangers	4	Swordmasters	None		
Trade Information:		Metalsmiths	3	Macedwarves	None		
		Jewelers	2	Mace Lords	None		
		Craftsdwarves	6	Hammerdwarves	1		
		Nobles/Admins	1	Hammer Lords	None		
You need a broker with the appraisal skill.		Peasants	1	Speardwarves	1		
		Dwarven Childrn	5	Spearmasters	None		
		Fishery Workers	1	Marksdwarves	1		
		Farmers	4	Elite Mrksdwrvs	None		
Food Stores: 1302		Engineers	1	Wrestlers	None		
		Trained Animals	1	Elite Wrestlers	None		
		Other Animals	17	Recruit/Others	None		
Meat	83	Seeds	607				
Fish	105	Drink	36				
Plant	43	Other	428				

Oh, and, uh... GoombaGeek made an artifact toy hammer. Almost forgot. Nice little thing, encircled with gold cabochons. Makes me feel warm inside.

5th Granite, Early Spring 254

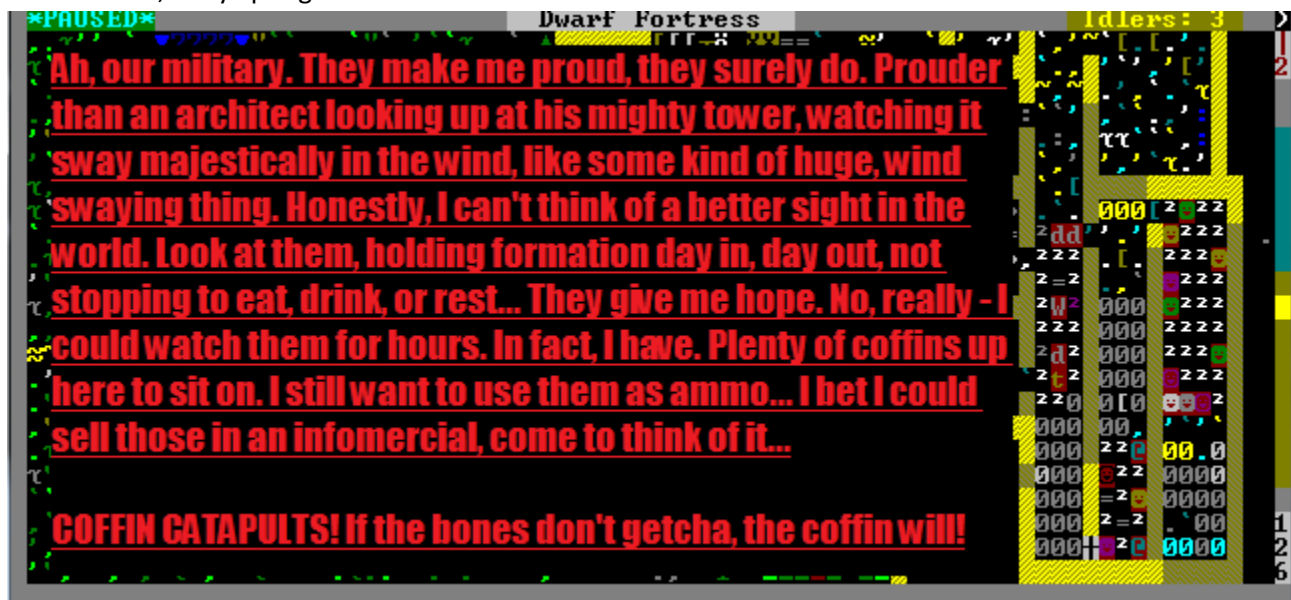
Okay, so that warm feeling was a stomach bug. NO HARM DONE! Except to that dude I threw up on. Apiks, or something. Ah well, he didn't need to be clean anyway. And besides, who WOULDN'T like to be vomited on by a GOD? I mean, REALLY! I'd BEG to have a god vomit all over me. I probably healed his wounds or something. But he went to change clothes. ...ingrate. I sent him to the mines.

People keep coming to me for all sorts of weird, useless junk. You know what, Ustuth? Shove it. Keep your horribly boring reports to your ever-loving, happy-go-lucky self.



I really don't think anyone cares. Besides, I'm much, MUCH too busy doing OFFICIAL stuff. I'm the GOD-OVERSEER OF NECROTHREAT! I defend us ALL from teh EVILS of this world, and my job is never done. I shall NEVER REST, not until NECROTHREAT is SAFE, from all who would DARE attack, and they shall fall to their knees before it's MIGHTY TOWER.

10th Granite, Early Spring 254



I wonder when supper is.



### 13th Granite, Early Spring 254

"WELL, boozebrains!" I cried, raising my voice across a room of my fidgeting worshipers. They don't worship me in my presence, likely because they fear embarrassing me. Such thoughtful peasants. "WE HAVE BREACHED..."

"The next dimension?" one guessed, beside himself.

"The fourth wall?" another asked, looking at you.

"NO, FOOLS!" I roared. "THE CAVERNS, YOU NINNY-HAMMERED, METAL-PLATED... THINGS! - People, or whatever. WE'VE BREACHED THE CAVERNS, and discovered a magma pool. AND a deep pit. ALL WHO FAIL TO WORSHIP ME SHALL BE THROWN INSIDE!" They stared at me as if I'd said something laughable. And of course I had - after all, why would they not worship me? I continued in a majestic, musical roar befitting a lion on a mighty tower. "Apiks, our miner, tells me that there's an incredible drop in the lower caverns - over 50 z-levels deep!"

Mastahcheese raised his hand.

"MASTAHCHEESE!" I shouted ominously. "HOW DARE YOU INTERRUPT -"

"What's a z-level?"

I paused, lost for words. "Oh, well... I guess it's something like ten feet or so? Just a few meters... but, um..."

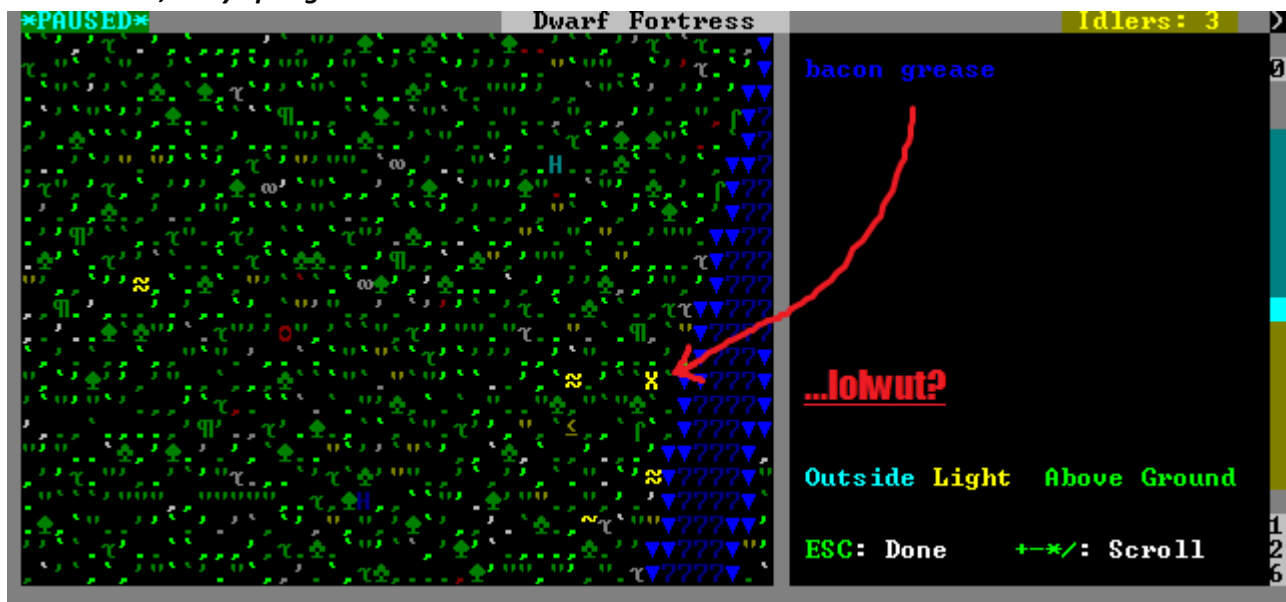
"So, a drop that's a tenth of a mile?"

"Yes, that's right. THAT'S RIGHT," I roared, recovering my senses. "THAT'S DAMN FREAKING RIGHT! A TENTH OF A MILE. And if ANY of you want to SURVIVE my ULTIMATE WRATH -"

I was interrupted again, this time by the dinner bell. I leapt from the stage, knocking over tables and chairs on my way to the door, shouting, "- YOU'LL EAT LAST! HAHA, NOOBS!" And I was gone.

Unfortunately, supper was giant hedgehog sweetbread... It could've been better.

### 25th Granite, Early Spring 254



OHHHHH, and while I'm thinking about it, I'm imposing a ban on exporting flasks. ALL FLASKS SHALL BE MADE IN A LIKENESS OF ME, for I AM SARGE, THE ALMIGHTY GOD OF... stuff.

---

*"The Last Missing Histories of Necrothreat by Sprin*

*9th of granite- I have noticed we have few bedrooms, that won't do... maybe I can try my new housing design i've been working on, with a dining room in the center of the apartments its quite clever I think. Hmmm were should I put it maybe in that empty hallway next to my home."*

---

*"Lost Histories of Glidesnarls by Highmax*

*I discovered that Glidesnarls is a forest retreat that was pillaged by forumites in 142, where they pillaged the entire retreat, in 204 where forumites just came in and killed EVERYTHING, and in 248 where the last history of Glidesnarls is about an elf who devoured a forumite (this last one was a failure for us forumites)*

*I have also discovered too that the first attack, led by a vampire, had successfully killed their queen, and thus, making me believe that Glidesnarls may possibly think of us as an enemy... Yay elven sieges!"*

---

*"Diary of the Archiver Greycat4*

### **1st Granite, 254**

*As the clock strikes midnight I am carrying a birchen bin full of gold and basalt to a stockpile. It weighs 490 urists. Four-hundred-elf-humpin'-ninety urists. What is wrong with these forumites?*

*The "leaders" of this place, I am convinced, are completely insane. I don't just mean your typical names-his-axe-Betty quirky, either -- I mean full-blown, red-eyed, spittle-flying, dancing-naked-in-a-pool-of-my-own-blood elfshit nuts. Nothing else could explain this place.*

*We have 38 servings of booze. Total. I should know, because I counted every single one of 'em. It's my job, and I do it well! We have 36 dwarves, and 38 servings of booze in 8 containers. Do you know what happens when a dwarf doesn't get his booze? Remember the dancing-naked-in-a-pool-of-my-own-blood part? Yeah. That.*

*You know the best part? I bet you can't guess the best part. You can't even imagine it. So I'll just tell*

*you. Three of those eight containers of booze are above ground, outside, across the river, next to Iden Routlashes's corpse. Iden was haxxored to pieces over there. Are you thirsty? Really thirsty? How thirsty are you? Thirsty enough to charge through the haxxors and thrips and werebeasts and vampires and thread zombies and whatever the hell else is out there?*

*Two barrels of booze are in the basalt stockpile 6 levels below ground -- a total of 10 servings. A third barrel is being drunk from, in that same stockpile. The other two containers of booze are personal waterskins, the first lying on the floor of the barracks where the MC HAMMER SQUAD is supposed to be training, and the last in Mebzuth Clashstaves's pocket.*

*Now, far be it from me to try to tell the military dwarves how to militate, but I do know not-a-small-amount about military supplies. For example, look at our militia commander, 'apiks' as she likes to be called. She's giving some prickly berries to one of the wounded -- very noble, I'm sure -- but she's doing so while dressed entirely in civilian clothing. She's a legendary miner, with no pick. Why is that? I snuck into the barracks and looked at their inventory engravings. Apparently she's assigned herself a fine little (+bismuth bronze pick+). And where is that pick? It's in a bin, being carried to a stockpile by 'Tekelija'. That's just one example, but by Armok, this is the commander of the entire militia!*

*But hell, I'm just the archiver. Don't bother listening to me. I only know exactly what we have, how much of it, and where it is. What I don't know is what's going to happen to us -- but I'm absolutely sure it's going to be horrible."*

---

*"My Artifacte Journall, by GoombaGeek the Dire*

*Hello Diarey recently I have Created a most Fine NÆTIVE GOLDE TOY HAMMER encircled in Various Fineries and Banndes of Cabochon... it was Bloodye Murderr getting them over the menacing spikes (okayye I May have ruined them in the Processe but their Menace is entirelyye Undiminished) but I managed itte in the End!*

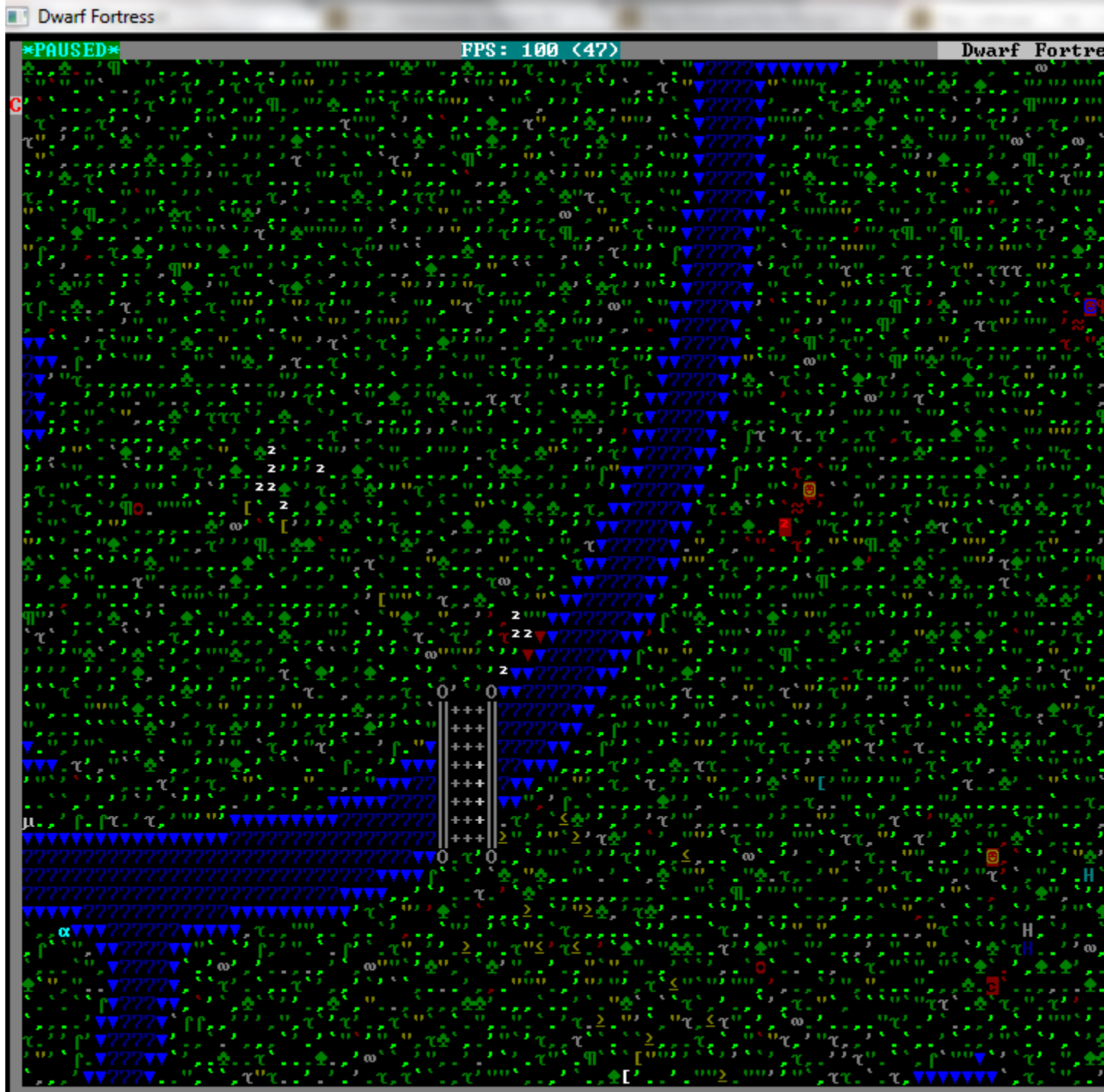
*If anyone wishes to Take my Toy Hammere, they may merelye Askke, so I may SMASHE THEIR KNEECAPPES for ASKEING SUCH A STUPID QUESTION. Okayye, back to Engraveing! Do you thinke a Very Large Rectangle would looke good on this floore?"*

---

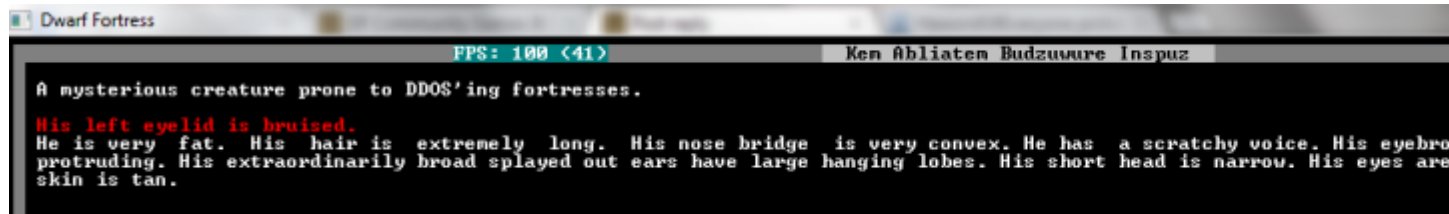
## Chapter VI

### The Rule of NAV, the Idle

My first act as overseer: leaving the gate closed. The migrants don't even stand a chance.



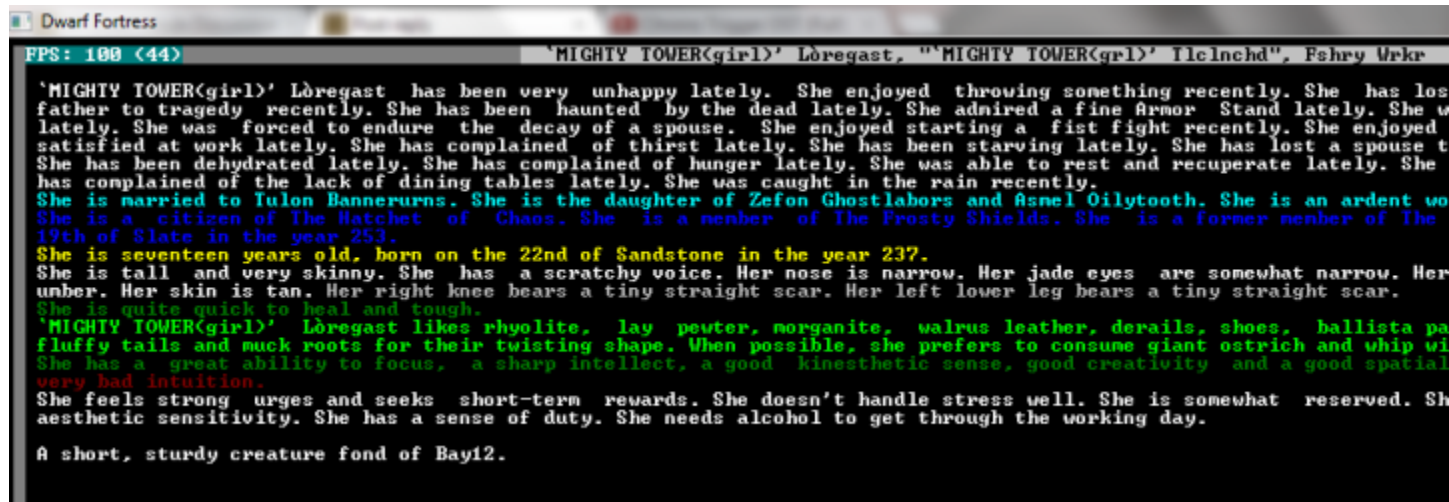
The only haxxor injury



That gate will stay closed.

Necrothreat has some problems. There are the haxxors outside, but I'll deal with that later using a modified Highmax's plan. Right now I am focusing on making the inside better. I am making a nice big barracks for all our squads to train in, because right now everyone is training outside in the yard. The militia still has horrible equipment though.

MIGHTY TOWER(girl) is tantruming, turns out both her parents were in that migrant group. I feel bad for letting them die. Seriously, her life is just sucking right now.

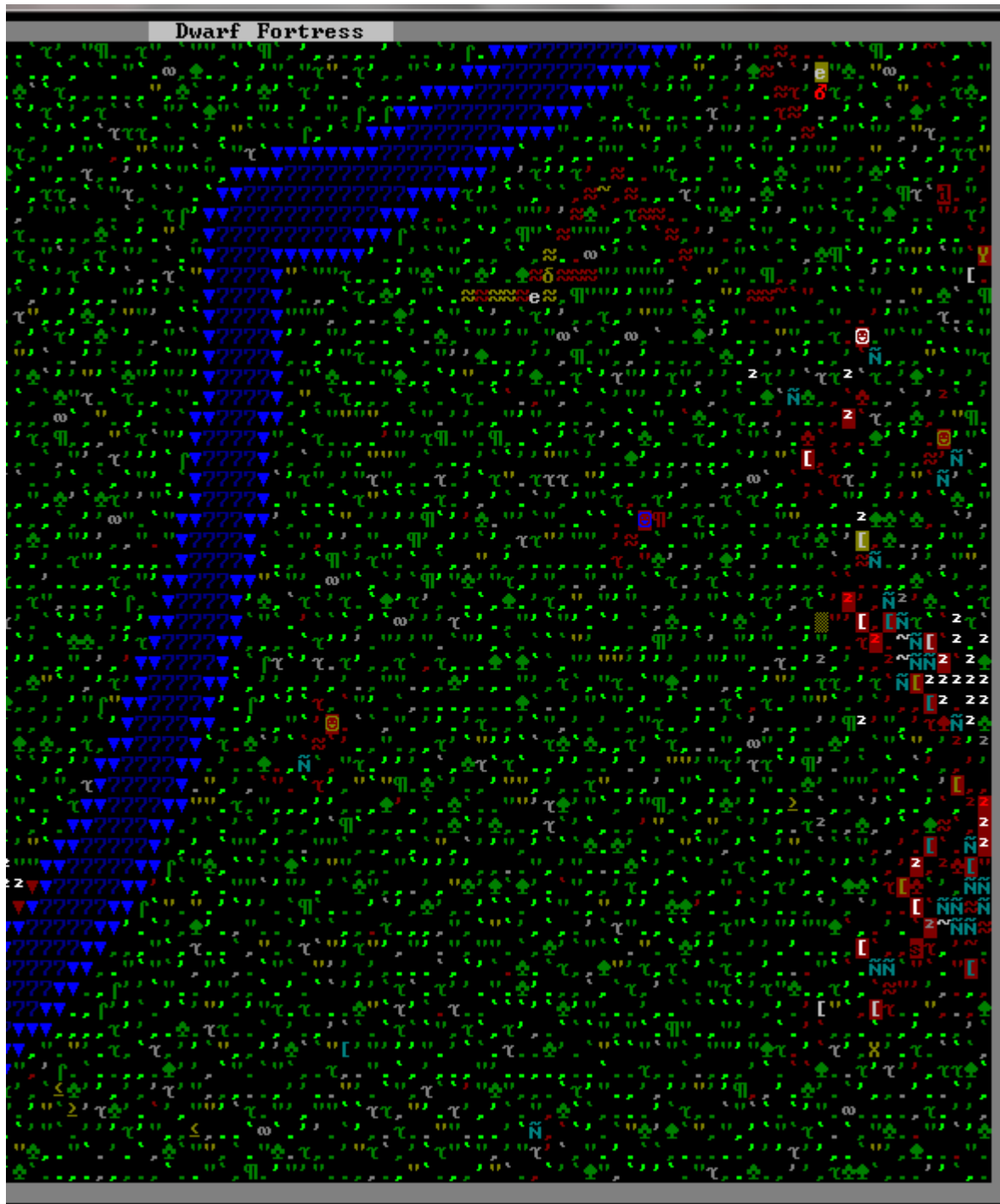


Oh no, the caverns are open, I should seal them. We lost another dwarf.



I send the whole army after it, and BFEL gets the kill. I don't know why we have a handless cripple in the army, but he seems to be doing okay.

A group of necromancers came, necro'd all our migrant corpses. Then the zombies started fighting each other! This is really weird and I am never ever going outside again. They also killed some elven merchants, but who cares?



On a happy note, Highmax is finally out of the hospital!

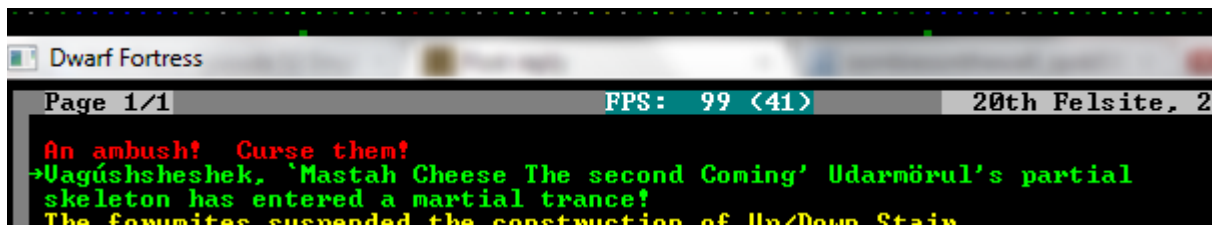
oh no! Mastahcheese is dead! killed by a vampire. We are down to 29 dwarves (not counting vampires, werecapybaras, and children). I exiled the vamp to the caverns.

I am the new global moderator, banhammerer, manager, and broker.

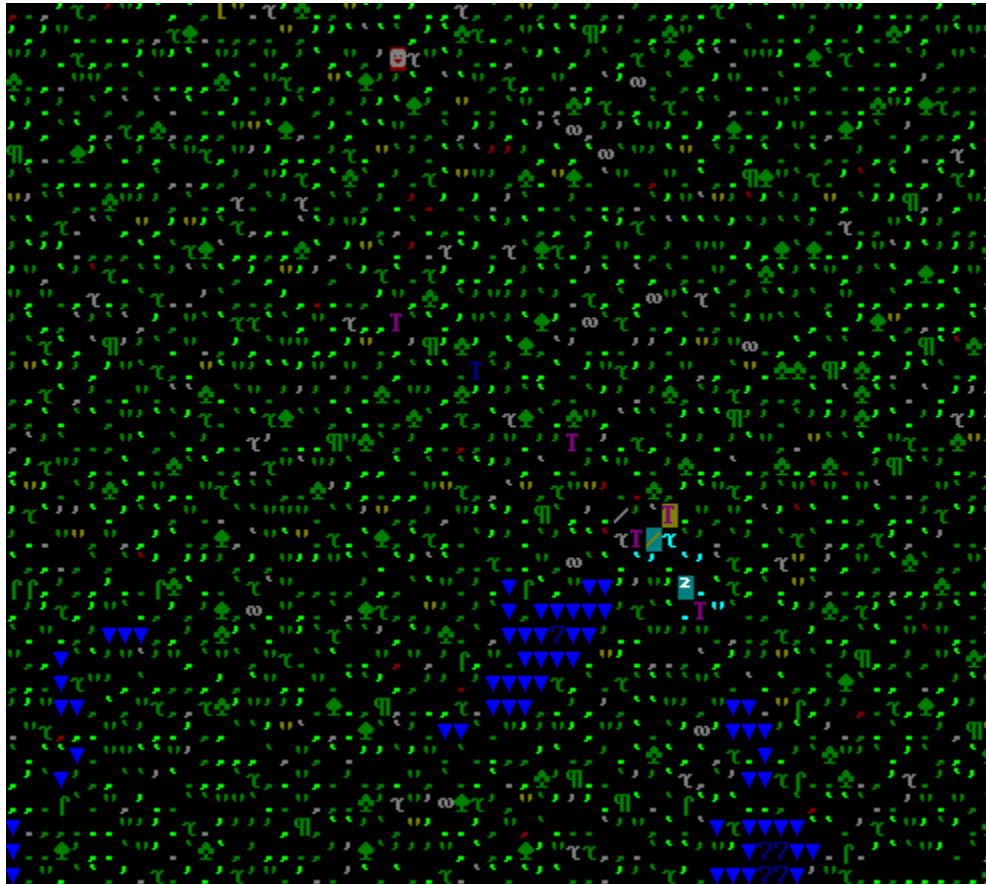


There are zombies on the wall. They can't get in though, and they aren't causing trouble so we will kill it later.





A troll ambush came, then Mastahcheese2's corpse went into a martial trance and fought them.



It kills 1 and cripples another, pretty good for a corpse.

That huge corpse pile outside is still fighting itself, by now it just looks like one huge lump of gore.

I disbanded the military. There is no point fighting we will just die. Besides, we need the labour. There are hardly enough forumites to run a proper fort.

I just noticed, we have no farms. Good thing we still have plenty of food and drink.

There've been lots've zombies outside lately, too many for us to fight fairly. We don't even have enough armour for more than 2 or 3 soldiers. There is work to be done, but no one is working. Too busy training for fighting. I tell them they don't have to train anymore, it's time to start working. I leave Highmax as the militia commander, and BFEL as the global moderator.

Highmax half jokingly suggested a brilliant plan to deal with the zombies. It will be sort of like a banhammer. A giant, gravity operated banhammer suspended over the front gate.

Great. The skull on the wall moved, and now people are refusing to go outside. It is just a head! how can in move anyways?

The military seems to ignore it. NEW PLAN: everyone in the army, we need work to be done!

*At this point all records of NAV's term as overseer have disappeared*

## Chapter VII

### The Rule of Highmax

#### *Journal of Highmax, Swords Enthusist, Lord of Swords, The Unkillable*

Many months ago I was placed inside a hospital with madmen and rotting corpses... Several weeks ago I was healed and brought back on the front lines of war... Today... Today the leaders have given up hope...

"Necrothreat is doomed!" They cried...

I have served this place as a soldier... Today, I stand in front of all of the other fourmites... And they ask me for help...

"You can help us! Save us mighty soldier Highmax!"


"If anyone can save us, Its that crazy swordsman Highmax!"

They gave me this blasted title of "Sword's Enthusist", but I wear it with pride, for my blade has felled many... I have cheated death, and the people here beleive that I am its champion... Its gaurdian... And now... Now they come to me... They come to me for guidance... They want me to lead Necrothreat and stop the haxxor and thread zombie menace...

Thats when I stood before all of them and shouted:

WE WILL ENDURE!

The others cheered when I said those words. I told them my plans, and they think its crazy enough to work! Heres the quick rundown of what will happen:

- 1) We prepare for the attack
  - 2) We lower the bridge
  - 3) We unleash the creatures of the night upon the dead and the haxxors, and if that fails;
  - 4) Drop the giant banhammer, and if that fails;
  - 5) Unleash Hell with the ballista battery, and if that fails (or does more harm then good);
  - 6) Use dwarven atom smashers, and if that fails;
  - 7) The traps I will set will aid us all, and if they fail;
-  Send in every abled man, women, child, and pet into the front lines by my side and we fight till our last breath leaves our bodies

We will sacrifice a thread necromancer to Armok for his favor... I will do the honors... BFEL will be my second in command, she (going by dwarf gender btw) is a living legend and a force to be reckoned with. BFEL will be at my side when the fighting begins. For now, we need everyone building up this plan! We need everyone who is left alive to grab whatever they can AND WORK! First, the walls and hammer must be built. Thankfully, the last leader left us a stairway to begin this... Armok give me guidance and strength... In the meantime, I will have those who aren't working on the masonry on ballista building duty. I need many for this to work... And we need bolts for them too! We need them most! I just hope we can get through this in time before all is lost...

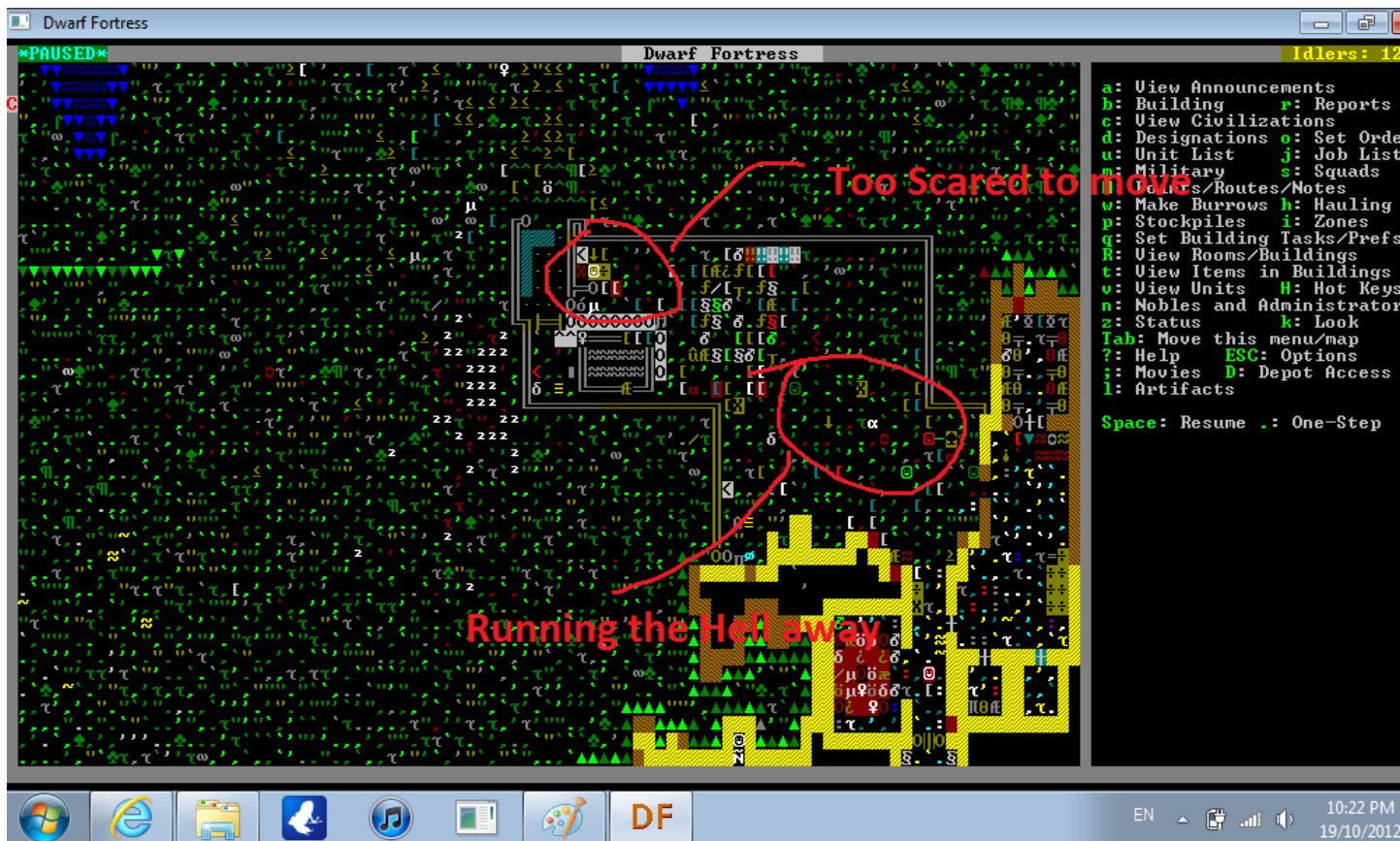
Some migrants have arrived... Yay... On top of that, NOTHING IS GETTING DONE! There's a head above the damn walls and we NEED to kill it! I seriously need to get someone to kill it but we can't without our workers freaking out over it! We can't eat, drink or do anything, our fortress is LITERALLY divided in two right now! We can't get past this head at all! We need ammo or to send someone up there to kill it right away!

The plan won't work unless we blow up that f\*\*\*ing head! The dorf-o-pault won't work at all cause we can't build it... Just wondering... How does the aquifer work? I never ran into one... I have an idea to deal with it, but we need miners... And pickaxes... And my sword

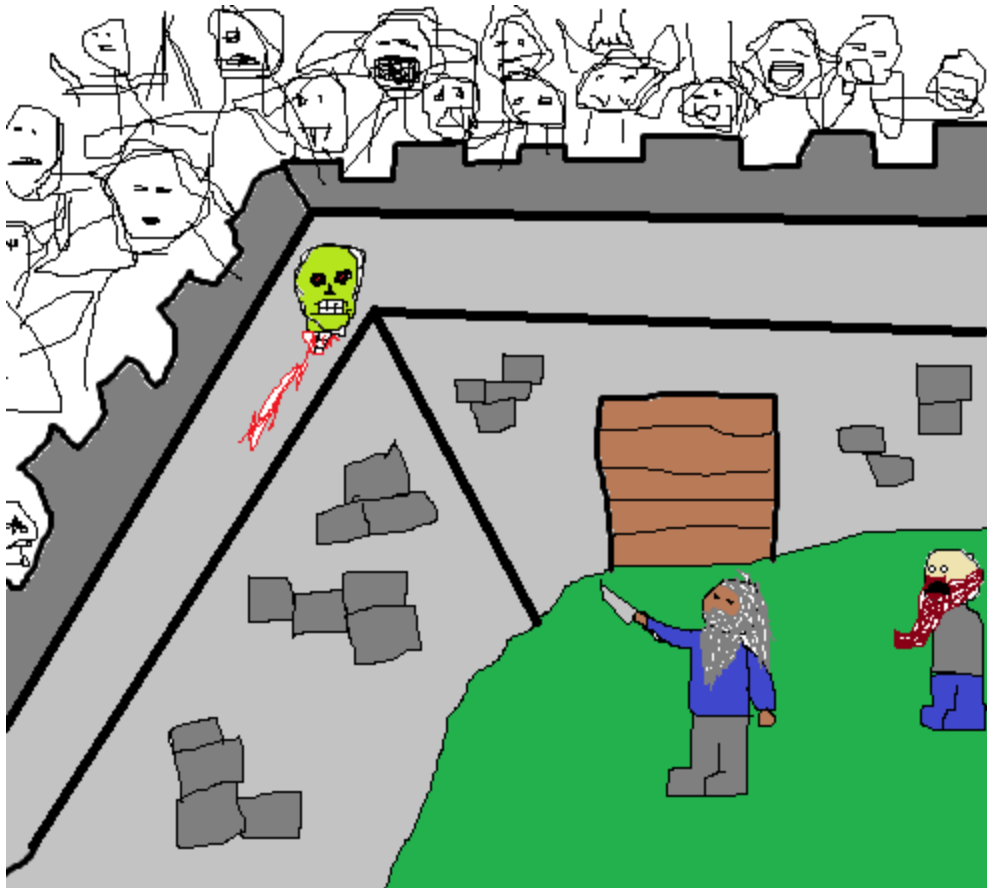
We're trapped overtop of the plug and the mountain is unreachable and everyone's hungry and thirsty but too scared to move because of the head... I think I'll try and get my friend to show me a mod that will allow us to NOT BE SCARED of the damn thing... As long as we make it to the head, we're fine, but it's getting to it... So whose idea was that WE DONT HAVE RANGED WEAPONS!?

BFEL just handed me a status report, this is the news so far:

Everyone is stuck in the courtyard, we're still trying to get walls and stuff up but everyone is afraid of that ARMOK DAMN F\*\*\*ING HEAD! Here's an engraving on a rock she found:



- a: View Announcements
  - b: Building r: Reports
  - c: View Civilizations
  - d: Designations o: Set Order
  - u: Unit List j: Job List
  - n: Military s: Squads
  - o: Orders/Routes/Notes
  - w: Make Burrows h: Hauling
  - p: Stockpiles i: Zones
  - q: Set Building Tasks/Prefs
  - R: View Rooms/Buildings
  - t: View Items in Buildings
  - v: View Units H: Hot Keys
  - n: Nobles and Administrator
  - z: Status k: Look
  - Tab: Move this menu/map
  - ?: Help ESC: Options
  - l: Movies D: Depot Access
  - l: Artifacts
- Space: Resume .: One-Step



We also have problems with people working... Be it that we're all stuck...

*Nothing from here onward remains as to what happened with the forumites. Only the next excerpt has been found.*

## ***The End of Necrothreat I***

And just like Troy, Necrothreat shall fall... Thus begins the final chapter of Necrothreat, the last bastion against the Thread Necromancers. And thus by through the eyes of a decapitated head, the battle is lost. Slowly the walls begin to crumble, and the great and mighty fortress falls into disarray. The enemy awaits those mad enough to seek refuge in the outside, hungry for flesh other than their own kind. They wait in the shadows and murder those foolish enough to rescue the falling fortress. Highmax, the "Guardian" of Necrothreat, rallies those for a final push for escape, as hopeless as it seems. BFEL, The Handless Cripple, Master of "Unhanded Combat", Highmax's lieutenant, distributes the last of the weapons to the last of the citizens. The beasts that howl in the depths shriek in joy, for their bonds loosen in each coming day. Apiks visits the burial site of her husband whose name she took as her own and swears she will return one day to bring his body back to their homeland when she escapes. The children live in fear and cry from the doom lingering overtop of them. The Haxxors sharpen their skills and blades as they prepare for the pillaging of the fortress' goods, the raping of their women and the slaughtering of anything that moves. The trolls rally to take the fortress and spread their twisted ideals to the world. NAV leads the people to prepare for their escape, if one is found possible. Sprin begins to incinerate all documents and experiments that were made and written. The High Lord Threadomancer, Ur, smiles in his own plane of existence. Though he may not have mortal flesh and lead the final assault against the forces of Necrothreat, he played his part in their defeat easily. Each misfortune was his doing. And now his revenge on all forumites for his death in his mortal shell. Highmax climbs up on top of the tower and screams to the world a war cry so loud, the Elves of Glidesnarls thought they were being attacked again and prepared to fight. Highmax turned to the people he served and spoke a speech to prepare them for their final escape:

"People of Necrothreat! I can see the fear and pain in your eyes. The zombies outside are ready to tear our walls down and you fear they will. I say that I don't fear that it will happen. I KNOW it will happen. We will escape this condemned fortress and never look back. We were the last fortress able to hold up to the Thread Necromancers. We have failed, and the zombies will begin to overwhelm the rest of the world. But I will not die in this forsaken land. No, I will die in that infernal Dark Tower fighting my way up to put an end to all this. I will die fighting. I will kill each of the zombies here so you all may flee. I will take the strongest men and women here and we will hold the line as the rest escape. No songs will be sung of the fall of Necrothreat. There will be no evidence of our colonizing of this forsaken land. It will be as if Necrothreat never existed. The zombies will never know who we were, nor will they know what happened here. Let us prepare for our final journey. Do not fear the setting sun, bask in the glory of the night. That is when we will leave, under no moonlight or starlight. We will release the the evil spirit body of the vampire and the werebeast and send them out first. Then we will rush out as the zombies are distracted eating them. Those with me will kill any that come after us. If we make it out alive, we will burn the entire fortress to the ground and collapse the tunnels. No one gets in, and everything inside will be sealed away. All I have to say is WE WILL ESCAPE! WE WILL SURVIVE!"

The crowd wept and cheered at the same time. The thoughts of impending doom were all around now. The eyes of the head keep on staring, and the mindless look on it turns into a fiendish grin. The face forms into the face of Ur. Suddenly the walls collapse, and the hordes of the undead charge. The Thread Necromancer is freed by his undead allies and turns to the graveyard and corpse pile. He laughs as those who aided in the rising of Necrothreat rise again to bring its fall. His laughter fills the halls and the vampire spirit body of Mastahcheese returns from his binding in the caverns and the werebeast is released. Apiks screams as she sees her husband run towards her, pickaxe in hand. The pickaxe hits its mark with deadly skill and kills Apiks upon striking. Her body is then reanimated and the two once lovers were reunited in death. BFEL runs into the raging werebeast. The hulking were-rodent grins savagely and the handleless cripple fights the beast in single combat. But alas, BFEL is slain, but not without mortally wounding the Were-Capybara by biting its jugular and smashing its skull with his savage kicks. Mastahcheese the vampire spirit body now free is met by Sprin, and the two slay each other with ban-hammers, striking each other in the skull at the same time. Sprin's nurse is killed in turn by the Apiks couple after watching her boss get his head smashed open. Highmax, "Champion" of Necrothreat, charges towards the Thread Necromancer, slaughtering endless hordes of the undead. Twenty two he felled in his path to the Thread Necromancer. Unable to defend himself after being stripped of all his possessions, Highmax slays the Thread Necromancer by severing his lower body. Highmax turns around, only to see the newly arisen Were-Capybara zombie; the original one. Highmax charges with his blade in hand. The werebeast smacks him aside, and then devours Highmax alive and whole. NAV, though not a warrior, grabs Highmax's sword and charges towards the undead-werebeast, letting out a warcry that sounded like screaming in fear. The were-beast goes to bite down and kill NAV, but the brave and foolish forumite steps on the beasts lower jaw and stabs Highmax's blade into the roof of the beasts mouth. Letting go of the blade, NAV, with strength never seen before, tears apart the jaws of the undead beast with his bare hands, killing it instantly. NAV takes the blade and tries to free Highmax but he was too late. Several ribs were impaled into Highmax's chest, and though he still drew breath, he was dying.

"Take the survivors and flee... I'm done... Keep my blade, and may it serve you well..."

Highmax, the self-proclaimed champion of Necrothreat died. NAV screamed in sadness and began to slaughter the zombies around him in an insane rage. Highmax was dead. Apiks was dead. Sprin was dead. Everyone was dead. Only he remained. Thirty six he killed before the Apiks couple arrived with the legendary dead: Toady One The Great. NAV took the blade and decapitated the Apiks husband and took the pickaxe, quickly shattering the skull of the Apiks wife. Toady One the Great had a grin most devious. He was but a skeleton after being drowned and being one of the first to die. He then pulled out a sword made out of the bones of those unburied and the two fought. NAV fought hard and bravely, but he was not a warrior, and had his arm ripped off and his legs severed from his body. Toady One then laughed. He spoke without lungs, made sound without a voice box, and laughed with the vigor and darkness of demons. NAV looked up at this horror as it brought its sword down into his heart. NAV, the last of the forumites, was killed. Thus ends the last chapter of Necrothreat. Through the fear brought by Ur through a severed head, the league is broken. Even Armok wept on this day, as it rained for a hundred days, flooding the world and reshaping the world underneath. He put forth his sorrow and his thoughts



of this doomed fortress that the world had gained new living beings, made to make Armok laugh and forget his sorrow. And those that died in Necrothreat were reborn, ready to start anew and to begin the second chapter of Necrothreat...